



**THE Velvet Grip**

THE  
BUTTONS  
ARE  
MOULDED  
FROM  
BEST  
GRADE  
RUBBER

CUSHION  
RUBBER BUTTON

**HOSE  
SUPPORTER**

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

DO NOT BE DECEIVED  
BY BUTTONS MADE OF  
WOOD PAINTED OR COL-  
ORED TO IMITATE RUBBER

THIS GUARANTY  
COUPON—In Yellow  
IS ATTACHED THIS  
WAY TO EVERY PAIR  
OF THE GENUINE—  
BE SURE IT'S THERE

Sample Pair, Mercantile \$25., silk  
50c. Mailed on receipt of price

**GEORGE FROST COMPANY**  
BOSTON

THE  
**Velvet Grip**  
Cushion  
Buttons

**HOSE  
SUPPORTER**  
IS GUARANTEED TO  
DEALER AND USER  
AGAINST IMPERFECTIONS

THE BUTTONS AND  
LOOPS ARE LICENSED  
FOR USE ON THIS  
HOSE SUPPORTER  
ONLY.

VISIT OUR NEW



## UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT

WHITNEY'S

Temple Place and West Street  
BOSTON

## Maynard & Potter Inc.

Holiday Suggestions

Diamond and Pearl  
Jewelry

WATCHES

14 and 18 Kt. Cases

STERLING SILVER  
FOR THE  
TABLE  
TOILET  
DESK

Inspection and comparison of values invited

416 Boylston St.

Boston

## Commonwealth Hotel

Opposite State House, Boston, Mass.



Offers rooms with hot and cold water for \$1.00 per day and up; which includes free use of public shower baths. Nothing to equal this in New England. Rooms with private bath for \$1.50 per day and up; suites of two rooms and bath for \$4.00 per day and up. Dining room and cafe first-class. European plan.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Stone floors, nothing wood but the doors  
EQUIPPED WITH ITS OWN SANITARY  
VACUUM CLEANING PLANT

Long Distance Telephone in Every Room

STRICTLY A TEMPERANCE HOTEL

Send for Booklet

STORER F. CRAFTS - - LESSEE







# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {  
VOLUME XLI.

No. 3364 December 26, 1908.

{ FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCLIX.

## CONTENTS

I. Sketches of Persia in Transition.	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	771
II. Literature in Drama. By E. A. Baughan	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	781
III. Hardy-on-the-Hill. Chapter VIII. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). (To be continued.)	TIMES	787
IV. From a Poor Man's House. By Stephen Reynolds. (Concluded.)	ALBANY REVIEW	792
V. Dorothea Beale. By Lady Robert Cecil	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	799
VI. The Angel of Glass. By Rachel Swete Macnamara	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	803
VII. The New Reign in China.	ECONOMIST	810
VIII. The New Definition of Naval Power.	NATION	812
IX. Discursions: The Letter.	PUNCH	815
X. A Transatlantic Telephone. By F. Savorgnan Di Erazzà	OUTLOOK	816
XI. Singing Stars. By Katharine Tynan		818
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XII. Core of My Heart. By Dorothea Mackellar	SPECTATOR	770
XIII. The Poppy. By Francis Thompson		770
XIV. In Mid-Ocean. By A. D. Hall	SATURDAY REVIEW	770
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		819



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## CORE OF MY HEART.

The love of field and coppice,  
Of green and shaded lanes,  
Of ordered woods and gardens,  
Is running in your veins—  
Strong love of gray-blue distance.  
Brown streams and soft, dim  
skies . . . .

I know but cannot share it,  
My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,  
A land of sweeping plains,  
Of ragged mountain ranges,  
Of droughts and flooding rains.  
I love her far horizons,  
I love her jewel-sea,  
Her beauty and her terror—  
The wide brown land for me!

The stark white ring-barked forests  
All tragic 'neath the moon,  
The sapphire-misted mountains,  
The hot gold hush of noon—  
Green tangle of the brushbes  
Where lithe lianas coil,  
And orchids deck the tree-tops,  
And ferns the crimson soil.

Core of my heart, my country—  
Her pitiless blue sky,  
When sick at heart, around us  
We see the cattle die . . . .  
And then the gray clouds gather,  
And we can bless again  
The drumming of an army,  
The steady, soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country.  
Land of the Rainbow gold—  
For flood and fire and famine  
She pays us back three-fold . . . .  
Over the thirsty paddocks  
Watch, after many days,  
The filmy veil of greenness  
That thickens as you gaze . . . .

An opal-hearted country.  
A wilful, lavish land—  
All, you who have not loved her,  
You will not understand . . . .  
Though Earth holds many splendors,  
Wherever I may die,  
I know to what brown country  
My homing thoughts will fly.

*Dorothea Mackellar.*

*The Spectator.*

## THE POPPY.

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat  
its head.

Heavy with dreams, as that with  
bread:

The goodly grain and the sun-flushed  
sleeper

The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.

I hang 'mid men my needless head,  
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is  
bread:

The goodly men and the sun-hazed  
sleeper

Time shall reap; but after the reaper  
The world shall glean of me, me the  
sleeper!

Love, love! your flower of withered  
dream

In leavèd rhyme lies safe, I deem,  
Sheltered and shut in a nook of rhyme,  
From the reaper man, and his reaper  
Time.

Love! I fall into the claws of Time:  
But lasts within a leavèd rhyme . . .  
All that the world of me esteems—  
My withered dreams, my withered  
dreams.

*Francis Thompson.*

## IN MID-OCEAN.

The long Atlantic swell is desolate  
Of living witnesses—no sail, no  
wing—

The solitary waters rock and swing  
And Ocean holds her everlasting state  
Unbroken, till her secret tides create  
A sudden lifting surge and foaming  
fling

It wide to sun and air—a moment's  
thing

The stately seas at once obliterate.  
So from the deep man's life emerges,  
free

In a breath to love and dream, then  
consciousness

Reluctant turns to its unknown  
abode.

Ah, fleeting glimpse of being, what re-  
dress

Or hope remains! Only have faith—  
the sea

From which he rose, to which he  
sinks, is God.

*A. D. Hall.*

*The Saturday Review.*

## SKETCHES OF PERSIA IN TRANSITION.

[This unvarnished history is given neither to pique the imagination of the morbid nor to disgust the susceptibilities of the sensitive, but to enable the readers of "Maga" to realize something of the passions, lusts, selfishness, and immature morality of the Persian people. From Kermanshah in the West to the Afghan border in the East the whole country writhes under the terrors of unbridled Moslemism.]

Tabriz, September 2, 1908.

## THE NEMESIS OF NALB MAHAMED.

Nalb Mahamed Khan was a virtuous man. His brother Nalb Ali also laid claim to similar perfections. No one in the Akhrab quarter of the town ever dreamed of taking any step that affected the quarter without first consulting Nalb Mahamed. There were two reasons why the people thus leaned upon the Nalb. The first was that Nalb Mahamed was a very short-tempered man; and the second, that he never gave advice gratuitously, and had ten armed retainers. So no one doubted the virtue of the Nalb, and Ali basked in the light of his brother's good deeds.

Now the Nalb was not as other men. He avoided the housetop, and he had beaten such as he suspected of sycophancy. The Nalb, although he was fifty, had only married one wife. Even though she bore him no child he never favored another. And when he returned from the great pilgrimage, he broke through all the customs which the Mullahs maintained to be orthodox. That is, he abused the elders of the quarter who came out on the Mianeh Road to salute him, and he had all callers who came to ask of his health laid by the heels and beaten, bidding his servants to tell them that his health or ill-health was none of their business. He ruled the quarter with a rod of

iron, and Nalb Ali was his *ferash bashi*.<sup>1</sup>

In the first place, the Nalb controlled the water. Now everybody knows that Tabriz draws its water-supply from artificial bore-holes in the neighboring hills. The duct for the Akhrab quarter belonged to the Nalb, so that really the people lay in the hollow of his hand. If they displeased him, there was no water. If the Mullahs but hinted at unrighteousness in his actions, there was still no water. If the Nalb wanted money to pay a debt, there was no water until the money was found. Then it is said that the Nalb agreed with no man. If one could be found courageous enough to argue with him, the Nalb would maintain that the sky was red or that Mahamed was a Babil. In his protestations he feared nor God nor man.

Thus it was, when the Shah granted a Constitution to the people of Persia, that the Nalb showed displeasure at the action of those reform enthusiasts who rushed headlong into politics and established seditious debating societies throughout the town. All the quarters of Tabriz, except Akhrab, established their local assemblies. The leading gray-beard of Akhrab approached Nalb Mahamed Khan on the subject. The Nalb was puffing at his silver-mounted hubble-bubble. He was seated, cross-legged, under one of the trees of the avenue down the main street of the quarter, and gave the graybeard curt answer—

"What does Akhrab want with an Anjuman? It has water; that is sufficient!"

The hint about the water was convincing enough, and throughout all the Tabriz troubles the quarter known as Akhrab alone abstained from politics.

<sup>1</sup> Head factotum.

<sup>2</sup> Local Assembly.

Sattar Khan and Baghir Khan led the people against the Government and the Mujtehid.<sup>3</sup> The Naib would have nothing to do with the movement. He refused support, either in men or in money, to both parties. Akhrab remained a peaceful faction, apart from the general movement. But when Rakhim Khan came to Tabriz to do the Shah's bidding, and when his brigands from the Karadagh hills began to pillage the town, the Naib put the quarter of Akhrab into a state of defence. He sent for the quarter's architect, and selected designs for loopholed gates. The architect estimated that it would cost two hundred tomans<sup>4</sup> to build the gates. The Naib immediately had him cast upon his belly and bastinadoed. "To think that the quarter of Akhrab, controlled by Naib Mahamed Khan, should be satisfied with such paltry gates."

Under the blows of the rod the estimate for the gates rose to a thousand tomans.<sup>5</sup> The money was at once collected, for the water was turned off until the last khan had been paid, and the gates were made. It was credibly stated—outside Akhrab be it said—that the money paid to the carpenters and masons employed on this public work did not exceed 112 tomans; but then what was 1000 tomans compared with the blessings of peace.

But though there was no flaw in the Naib's hardness of heart, yet there was a weakness in his wisdom. This weakness lay in the confidence he placed in Naib Ali his brother. Naib Ali also had hardness, and he was devoid of wisdom. The quarter, during the civil war in the town, was happy enough in its armed neutrality. It was so happy that timid merchants from the other quarters took refuge in it. The Naib was glad to receive them at the small price of 30 tomans per head. But the

time came when the Central Revolutionary Committee in the town began to levy a poll-tax upon the rich merchants. A fight for freedom and the people's rights costs money. The names were proscribed, and a moiety fell upon certain refugees in the Naib's quarter. Sattar Khan sent his messengers to collect the due. The messengers were brought before the Naib's brother, who called them "sons of dogs" and had them thrust out beyond the new gates. Now the average Persian merchant is a miser before he is a patriot; and the news that Naib Mahamed Khan was protecting merchants from subscribing to the Revolutionary Committee's funds brought a horde of patriots into his quarter.

This brought a further remonstrance from Sattar Khan. Naib Ali, surrounded by a batch of newly-arrived merchant refugees, cocked his *kula*,<sup>6</sup> and had the revolutionary messengers laid by the heels and bastinadoed.

"So much for the sons of dogs, who do not respect Naib Mahamed Khan and Naib Ali, his *ferash bashi*!"

Not content with this, Naib Ali seized an unfortunate newsboy who was selling revolutionary pamphlets on the highway. The shrieking wretch was flogged until his weak, little life left his emaciated form.

"Son of a she-dog, thou, at least, shalt never be the father of dogs, as is thy master!" laughed the Naib's *ferash bashi*, as they flung the battered body into the roadway.

Naib Mahamed Khan, lying on the flat mud roof of his house, turned uneasily in his sleep. There was not a breath of air. The heavy atmosphere seemed to hang upon him like a weight. The sand-flies, bred of his own water-courses, worried him. He longed for dawn, and wondered vaguely why the dogs were barking, and why the voice

<sup>3</sup> Spiritual father—chief Mullah.

<sup>4</sup> £40.

<sup>5</sup> £200.

<sup>6</sup> Persian cap.

of the *muezzin*<sup>7</sup> calling the people to prayer was so raucous. Then a shot rang out. Naib Mahamed did not move. At this period night-firing was a common occurrence in Tabriz. There was another shot. Then a whole volley, and, what was more surprising, they were quite close. The firing was so close that Naib Mahamed, sitting up on his mattress, saw the reflection of the flashes.

What did it mean?

"Fly, fly, Naib Sahab," shouted a voice from the skylight. "They have surrounded the house, and two of the *gulams*<sup>8</sup> are killed."

The Naib was not slow-witted; neither was his house a blind alley. In less time than it takes to write this, he was over the parapet of his roof, and, by means of wooden projections in the wall, had reached the temporary haven of his walled orchard. But he had been unlucky, and he felt the burning sear of a bullet strike across his shoulder-blades. The hurt was not sufficient to incommode him yet. He dived into the bushes, sought the exit of the water-course, and gained the next garden. Still following the water-course, and creeping through the narrow arches that passed it through the walls, he reached the fifth garden from his own. Here he had time to think. The firing continued. It had aroused the whole quarter, and the general hubbub by alarmed householders drowned the quavering exhortations of the *muezzin*. The Naib had to decide as to which of his friends in this emergency he could trust—a difficult problem at all times to Persians, but more especially so for the chief of a quarter. In power he could count upon the whole section: fallen, he was without friends. Ali Hassan Khan, in whose garden he stood, was at least a relative. His wound was rendering

him faint. He staggered on and claimed *bast*<sup>9</sup> from the trembling women gathered at Ali Hassan's door.

When day broke, all that remained of the Naib's rich house was smoking *débris* and blackened walls. Naib Ali, the *ferash bashi*, they had found with a loose woman in an outhouse. Both had been despatched with the brass-bound butts of Berdan rifles. Their bodies were thrown out to join those of the servants lying bruised and battered on the highway. The Caucasian avengers carried out the bodies. One was missing! Where, then, was Naib Mahamed Khan? He could not have escaped, as all the alleys were stopped. The raid, like all Sattar Khan's military measures, had been very carefully designed. Achmad Khan, Sattar Khan's lieutenant, scratched his shaven head. Then he sent for the public crier. In half an hour the streets resounded with the crier's penetrating voice.

"*Anjuman Mukadas Millin-en Hükmî der [By order of the most honorable public assembly of representative citizens], duellers in Akhrab give ear. If there should be one so foolish or so base as to have given refuge to Naib Mahamed Khan, son-of-a-dog and grandson-of-dogs, it would be wise to declare the same: for it shall be done unto the giver of 'bast' to this son-of-a-dog as will be done to Naib Mahamed Khan himself. Take heed in the name of God and the Prophet, for there is no God but God, and Mahamed is the friend of God.*"

Achmad Khan knew his Persians. In half an hour Ali Hassan stood before him and salaaming meekly, said that "Naib Mahamed Khan, son-of-a-dog, wounded and unrepentant, lies in my house. Give me time," he continued, "and I will have him thrust out from my gates!" Thus without a moment's hesitation Ali Hassan committed the crime which is anathema to all good

<sup>7</sup> The mullah calling the people to prayer before daylight.

<sup>8</sup> Servants.

<sup>9</sup> Refuge.

Moslems from Stamboul to Delhi. He delivered up the blood-fugitive to whom his women-folk had granted asylum.

They thrust the Naib out into the street. Weak from the loss of blood, he could not stand. As they dragged him out into the fairway, he pleaded for his life, and promised to fight for the Constitution. But the Caucasians spat in his face, and beat the life out of him with the butts of their rifles and with stones.

And from this time forward Sattar Khan collected the "sinews of war" from Akhrab quarter, and drew 300 fresh riflemen to join the rebel camp.

#### THE STORY OF THE EXPERT ARTILLERIST

This is the story of a shameful thing. But there are many things that are called shameful in the West which are but ordinary custom in the East.

Now the young men of leisure in Tabriz, if they could write, immortalized the beauties of Rhubaba in verse. They wrote odes to every feature and limb of her small, plump body—from her straight raven hair that was brushed stiffly down her back to the little henna-pinked toe-nails upon her dainty feet. And it was the custom amongst them to spend their best efforts in describing the delights of her well-moulded figure. Those of the *jeunesse dorée*, however, who could not write couplets to be tucked away under Rhubaba's divan cushions extolled her beauties in the tea-shops, and were prepared to wager that she set the fashion in starched silk *trouserettes* by wearing fourteen pairs at one time.<sup>10</sup> With us in the West such conversation would fill the hearer with disgust at the immodesty of the speakers. It is for reasons such as this that this story is shameful. But in Persia it is nothing.

It is but an incident in the day of work or pleasure.

There was no excuse for Rhubaba. No extenuating circumstances of birth and up-bringing. When she had come to the house of Sharif-sa-dé as a twelve-year-old bride, the fame of her beauty could not be concealed. For three months Sharif-sa-dé was a good husband. Then he died of cholera. By Mahamedan law Rhubaba was free to make her own choice in a further venture. Hadji Ibrahim, the third Mujtehid, having heard of her beauty, took it upon himself to expound the law to her, and in consequence of his lucid teachings she gave him the three months' marriage contract that is so popular with these priests. Hadji Ibrahim, like the rest of his kind, besides being a libertine, was a hard-headed business man. He argued that Rhubaba's beauty, if he brought her home and planted her beside his life-contracted wives, would disturb the peace of his house. Therefore he took a separate house for her alone. He selected the position with care. It is the same house in which Rhubaba still reigns—not a knuckle-bone throw from the main bazaar, yet to reach it you have to pass through a network of small dark alleys. And everything came to pass as Hadji Ibrahim had designed. The Mujtehid's mosque was in the Devachi quarter, a mile away. Was it likely that Rhubaba, whose beauty was so far-famed, would remain unassailed when her husband's hours at the mosque were so long, and he had perforce to spend four nights a week in his own home in Khīban? But the Mujtehid showed no animus. He told Rhubaba that it was impossible for him to carry the shame of her peccadillos into his own home, and suggested that she should pay him a rent for the house. The rent was high, but the way was easy and comfortable and Rhubaba assented. Thus it was

<sup>10</sup> Persian ladies of high degree are accounted fashionable by the number of pyjamas they can wear at one and the same time.



that Rhubaba, the peerless, became the leader of a certain feminine fashion in Tabriz.

I had not known Hassan Ali more than a week when he told me about Rhubaba. He told me in an offhand manner, as if the fair courtesan was nothing to him. I had been asking him something about Persian women and their type of beauty. Then seeing I was interested, he said quickly, "Will you see her, yes?" I said that I had no particular wish to know his disreputable acquaintances.

Hassan Ali turned up the palm of his hand, which is the extremest evidence of impatience that it is possible to drag from him.

"How little you understand us Persians. You should see Rhubaba. Besides being the most beautiful, she is the most important personage in Tabriz at the present moment, Sattar Khan and the Russian Consul-General included. Yes?"

I tried to explain that to visit her ladyship did not synchronize with our English view of the fitness of things.

Again he made the hurried gesture with his palm.

"Is not the whole history of your Europe wound upon the pink fingers of courtesans? Yes? Remember that in the eyes of all good Mahomedans as am I and Rhubaba, that you are unclean, and therefore a thing to disgust. Come, therefore, with me and see the most beautiful woman in all Persia!"

The human estimate of feminine beauty is comparative. If I may be taken as a connoisseur of feminine beauty, I must allow that I was disappointed in the peerless Rhubaba. However, I would not have had Hassan Ali know this for worlds. But I am anticipating. We sauntered down the Rasta Kucha (straight road) as if we had no object but to kill time. The bazaar, that should have been so pal-

pitating with life, bore the aspect of a deserted tunnel. Nine-tenths of the shops were boarded up, and where at the corners we should have found hucksters, were now groups of armed men, looking very fierce in their leather cartridge-holding waistcoats. The only familiar sound that we could not escape from was the "Huk, huk" of the beggars. As we came to our turning Hassan Ali appeased the wretches with a handful of nickel, and we slipped into what appeared to be a blind alley reserved for the refuse of dogs. But it was not blind. A sharp turn to the right, another to the left (Hassan Ali evidently was long familiar with the way), and then we were in a larger passage. A pair of iron-studded gates faced us. Hassan Ali knocked four times. This produced a shuffling behind the gate, and the wooden bolt, innocent of grease, creaked back. Just a crack was opened, and there was some demur before even Hassan Ali's guarantee was accepted.

It was a wonderful change. From the squalid solitude of a narrow passage between mud walls we entered instantly into quite a pretty garden courtyard. The garden was a mass of unkempt scarlet geraniums. There was a tiny cascade in one corner, which, with a soft musical cadence, fed an alabaster tank. The soft sound of the falling water was most soothing in the morning heat. Above the tank half a dozen poplars raised their slender heads, and their lower branches and the red tiles of the garden walk were alive with white pigeons. The tiled walk led to the double stairway to the house. If it had not been for the semi-wild arrangement of the garden, the frontage of the house would have been gaudy. As it was, the stucco, and the vivid colors of the roughly-enamelled bricks that picked

<sup>11</sup> Huk=right (i.e., right to live).

out the door and windows, were in keeping with the whole enclosure. The scene in its unconventional Orientalism was delightfully restful.

We were conducted up the stairs by the *gulam*, a little unprepossessing one-eyed man, and motioned to wait a minute in the half-verandah, half-open reception hall, which filled the major portion of the front face of the little house. The *'gulam* passed into an inner room. He was gone a minute, and then summoned us to enter. You must not prepare yourself for a scene of Oriental splendor. Rhubaba's boudoir was not like a Turkish Pasha's palace. In fact, the only real splendor centered in her own well-rounded figure. The room was small, lighted by day with a tier of latticed windows, by night with a pendent cut-glass candelabra. The walls were distempered in pink and terra-cotta. The flatness of the coloring was relieved by two pictures,—the one a cheap, colored print of the Shah, taken when he was *Vali-Adh* at Tabriz; the other a cheap woodcut of Sattar Khan, as the Garibaldi of Persia, which had recently been on sale in the bazaars at five shahs a copy. The floor was exquisitely carpeted with many rugs, and on two sides of the walls were low divans.

Rhubaba herself was sitting upon a quilted silk mattress, with the stem of a silver-caparisoned hookah parting her full red lips. She bowed gravely as we entered and motioned us to seats upon the most distant divan. The officious *gulam*, by lumbering in with a chair, emphasized my European gaucheness, and thereby spoiled the picture. There was another visitor. A young Persian was sitting on the foot of the lady's mattress.

But at present our eyes were for none other than Rhubaba the peerless. It may appear strange to you, but in all my long sojourn in Persia, so rigorous is the duty of the veil, that save

for the pinched faces of the little beggar girls this was the first youthful female face that I had seen. How shall I describe it? I have already committed myself to the truism that all feminine beauty is comparative to the accepted views of the person making the estimate. In her own surroundings, this plump little lady, as she sat with one pink hand resting on the stem of her hookah, possessed a certain fascination even for the foreigner.

Her face was full and round. The natural glow of her warm skin had been slightly heightened with rouge. Just as the peculiar beauty of her black curling eyelashes and heavy eyebrows had been strengthened with a suspicion of antimony. The raven hair was brushed straight down her back, and in front cut into a seductive fringe that lay in one enticing curl across her forehead. But it was in her smile that you realized the real beauty of Rhubaba. All that she possessed was concentrated in that smile. Otherwise she was a plump little woman of a very ripe complexion, but too heavy in figure to be really graceful. According to Hassan Ali, she was sumptuously dressed. To me, who had never before seen Persian ladies except in their outdoor attire, she was quaintly clothed. A chemisette of gauzy silk, trimmed, it seemed, with pendent jewels. A small surcoat of rich brocade, cut so as not to hide the beauties of the bejewelled vest. Wonderful trousers that stood stiffly away from the waist downwards to the knee, and then encircled the leg tightly in many folds. Add to this, neat little white cashmere socks, and a cross-legged pose that would have been unwomanly if it had not been for the stiff breadth of the upper hose, and you have the picture of Rhubaba as I saw her. Except upon her henna-shaded fingers, and upon her vest, she wore no jewels.

I admired the deference with which

Hassan Ali paid her the customary compliments of a Persian greeting. I believe Hassan Ali to be a clever humbug, but he certainly bandied compliments with Rhubaba as if she possessed his whole soul. Having exhausted his greetings, he proceeded to explain my visit. What he said I do not know, but I could see that he was discussing me by the flashes I received from Rhubaba's soft, luminous eyes. Then the conversation turned to the other visitor, and I looked at him for the first time. He was an aristocratic Persian youth, quite fair, with a finely-modelled face. He was simply dressed, but it required no costume to proclaim the fact that he was a Persian aristocrat. Presently Rhubaba invited Hassan Ali to join the Persian youth at the foot of her mattress. He accepted with alacrity, and took from her hand the hookah-stem as she daintily presented it. Now I knew that Hassan Ali, as a general rule, did not smoke. But he was too finished a courtier to refuse this special mark of beauty's favor. Presently I, too, was summoned to sit upon the cushion at the little lady's feet. But the honor of the pipe-stem was not extended to me. A cigarette was my lot. Then the one-eyed *gulam* brought in sherbet: a thin sweet drink in long-stemmed bottle-green glasses that might have been East Anglian ware. It was an insipid nectar. We were not, however, left long in undivided possession of Rhubaba's favor. Other visitors arrived. Men in long gray frockcoats, with waists festooned with a double tier of cartridge-belts, who clattered their rifles as they stacked them in the hall. These were rebel leaders. The sons of Mars are always privileged worshippers at the shrine of the daughters of Venus, so at a signal from Hassan Ali we rose to go. Then Rhubaba paid me the first and only individual compliment that I have ever received,

or shall receive, at her hands. She picked a cigarette out of the tortoiseshell box at her side, lit it at the live coal in the hubble-bubble, and passed it to me. It was a regal little piece of coquetry, and seemed rather to impress than anger her other visitors. They all rose and bowed politely as we, also bowing, withdrew.

"That cigarette is a reward, yes!" said Hassan Ali when we had again reached the unsavory passages leading to the *Rasta Kucha*.

"A reward! What for?" I queried.

"You see, Rhubaba knows most things in Tabriz, and she knows that your sympathies are with the Nationalists. Yes! All those men who came in were Nationalist leaders, and the gift of that cigarette was to tell them that you were to be trusted. Yes!" Hassan Ali's tiny eyes were twinkling again.

"Hassan Ali," I said, "you are an incorrigible humbug. You know perfectly well that I am strictly non-partisan in this matter. I don't know what lies you have been telling to that little lady, and I am not responsible for any lying statements you may make about me."

"I am a d-d Persian, yes!" he answered with that delightful mock humility that is quite his own and is perfectly irresistible. No wonder he was a favorite with Rhubaba.

"Were those visitors all rebels, Hassan Ali?" I asked presently, as we reached the bazaar.

"Not all. Mirza Hussein, the youth who was there when we first came, is doubtful. Yes!"

"Doubtful?" I answered in surprise. "How can any one be doubtful in the heart of the revolutionary quarter?"

"The house of Rhubaba is neutral ground. Yes!"

"Neutral?"

"Yes, neutral. Rhubaba is very clever in diplomacy. If she had been

born and educated an Englishman, she would have been a Minister. England would not then have signed the Anglo-Russian Convention. Yes!"

"Hassan Ali," I said with such severity as I could command, "you villain! Why drag that ill-fated Convention into everything?"

"Because it is the cause of everything. Besides, Mirza Hussein is a Russian subject. Yes!"

"A Russian subject?"

"A naturalized Russian subject. Naturalized for commercial or other reasons, yes! If he were not, he would not walk about the bazaars as he does at present. But it is time for my food. Good-bye."

With a limp hand-shake and a pleasant smile Hassan Ali left me. He is an incorrigible rogue, but clever, as well as a delightful companion.

The following morning I found Hassan Ali, all smiles, waiting for me in the American tea-house that was our rendezvous. He met me with the following cryptic assertion—

"There is no doubt about Mirza Hussein's loyalty now! Yes!"

"Why, what do you mean, Hassan Ali?" I said, scenting some mystery.

"Why, I will soon have to go to his burial. Yes!"

"What? You don't mean that that nice young fellow we saw yesterday is dead?" I said in genuine horror.

"As dead as the monarchy he was foolish enough to support," answered Hassan Ali benignly. "This d—d Persia is very unhealthy climate just now. I disgust it very much. Mirza Hussein died of fever in his own house this morning. Yes!"

Later on Hassan Ali, having confidence in my discretion—a confidence based chiefly upon my small knowledge of Turkish,<sup>12</sup> unfolded to me the fol-

lowing gruesome history. I give it in my own words, as Hassan Ali's clipped English is apt to become a little tedious if you have too much of it.

Rhubaba, after she opened her doors as a popular favorite in Tabriz, had the whole of the world of Azerbaijan at her small feet. But she was a wilful little lady, and though every monied person, from the Vali Adh to Ferakli Shah the carpet merchant, at one time or another graced her reception-room, yet she was only accessible to wealth on six days in the week. The seventh, *Jum'rat*, she kept sacred to herself and her real affections. Hence it was that the languishing young poets in their verse extolled *Jum'rat* before all other nights. It was all part of a cleverly-thought-out scheme, for it does not follow that only those that have money have information.

No one precisely knew why Mirza Hussein became a Russian subject. It is true that he spent a year in the Russian military school at Kars, but that was no reason why he should have changed his nationality. He was the son of an ex-governor of Aderbil, who during his term of office had been suspected of being too friendly with the Russian Consul-General. However, at that period that was nothing, the Vali Adh himself was setting the tune. But when times changed and the Constitution was granted by the same Vali Adh, now become Shah, and the Anjuman was established in Tabriz, the leaders of the people became suspicious of Mirza Hussein and his Russian connection. By the ordinary machinery of the Anjuman nothing could be found against him. Then it was that Rhubaba was consulted. Mirza Hussein was a comely youth. Some friend brought him to Rhubaba's reception-room. Rhubaba accomplished the rest; for what Persian youth could withstand Rhubaba when she made the advances? Mirza Hussein was no fool.

<sup>12</sup> Turkish, not Persian, is the language of Azerbaijan, of which province Tabriz is the capital.

He was content to bask in Rhubaba's smiles; but he was as secretive as a stone. Rhubaba exercised all her wiles. She petted him; she banished him, while she received his rivals. But all to no avail. Mirza Hussein took all that she gave but vouchsafed no Russian information in return. In her moments of solitude Rhubaba bit her pink nails in her chagrin and annoyance.

Then, as the world knows, the deluge came. The Government party, Russian-backed, held Devachi; the Rebels held Khïban and Amra Khuz. Both parties had modern cannon and ammunition, and neither knew how to use them. One morning, without previous warning, the Royalists began to burst shrapnel with perfect accuracy over the Rebel barricades. How had they learned this modern art of which yesterday they were ignorant? At last the Rebels remembered that Mirza Hussein had been in the military school at Kars, that he was a Russian subject, and the son of a Royalist. Moreover, one was found who said that he had been seen in Devachi. The accusation was not brought. That is not the Persian way. But Sattar Khan, the rebel leader, sent for Mirza Hussein and asked him to set his fuzes for him. The young patrician turned up the palm of his hand and replied that he was sorry, but he did not know the fashion of shell fuzes. At Kars he had been a cavalry cadet, and they learned nothing about such things.

But the shells from Devachi still continued to burst with disconcerting accuracy. If Mirza Hussein had not been a Russian subject his life would not have been worth a minute's purchase. It was about this time that Rhubaba forgave Mirza Hussein and took him back to her bosom. He was glad to return, for he was fond of Rhubaba, and, besides, Rhubaba's Rebel *clientèle* were of service to him.

The morning that I saw him on Rhubaba's divan was the first *Jum'rat* since he had been received back into favor. As to what happened after we left—that is to say, what happened during the night—we can only surmise. It is probable that Rhubaba is herself responsible for the crime. That when Mirza Hussein, received into her confidence, slept with his head pillowed in her lap, she, with her own pink hands, drove the thin point of the Caucasian knife through his eyeball far back into his brain.

It was before daybreak that they knocked at Mirza Hussein's father's house, and told him that his son was lying dead in the courtezan's house by the bazaar, and suggested, if the ex-Governor wished to avoid the scandal of the discovery that his son had met his death in such a place, that it behooved him to have the body removed before daylight.

Thus it was that Mirza Hussein died of a fever in his father's house, and that, by a curious coincidence, the Royalist gunners at the same time ceased to fire effective shrapnel into the Khïban barricades. As for Rhubaba, her reception-hall is neutral ground. It is always full; only you will find more Rebels than Royalists there.

#### IN THE SHADOW OF THE BLUE MOSQUE.

I went down to the Khïban quarter, ostensibly to see the Rebel barricades erected there. Really the object of my visit was the Blue Mosque. Now Lord Curzon, quoting Taxier,—because he himself never was at Tabriz,—says the Blue Mosque "is the chief work of Persian, perhaps of all Oriental, architecture." It certainly is a magnificent ruin. So magnificent that, although it has been in *débris* for generations, yet the dignity of its architecture remains. It has now been decided that the Blue Mosque was built by Shah Jehan in 1464, though some authorities main-

tain that it was Ghazan Khan who originally accepted the architect's designs. When it was in repair the Blue Mosque must have been a perfect example of dome construction. The 24-foot high doorway, which is still in a fair state of preservation, is a fine example of the Persian arch. The white structure, within and without, was originally covered with glazed tiles—the blue-and-white tiles, of which the art of manufacture has long since been lost. The dado of the inner building is of huge blocks of alabaster, larger than anything that can now be quarried in Persia. These slabs are inscribed in ornate arabesque calligraphy, with verses from the Koran. The delicate blending and beauty of the tile-work cannot be adequately described. Above the doorway, and all along the series of arches which once supported the great dome, the Koran is quoted in the setting of the blue tiles. The reason that such a work of art has been allowed to fall into its present state of decay is simple. It is a "Sunni" mosque, and consequently boycotted by the Tabrizis, who for generations have been "Shiahs."

For many years this beautiful relic was the dust-heap of the town, the shelter of waifs and strays, the protection of bazaar dogs from the midday sun. But lately it was discovered that the tiles had a commercial value, and the Vali Adh<sup>13</sup> had gates put up, and placed the mosque in the hands of proper custodians. But at the present moment it has been put to quite an original use. The mosque stands upon a slight eminence, and the outer walls have appealed to the followers of Baghir Khan, rebel, as valuable in the scheme of defences of the Khīban quarter. So the parapet has been built up and loopholed, while a little mud flanking tower has been added to form

a coign of vantage for a tiny brass cannon.

"The mosque is like Persia. Yes?"

I turned to find my friend Hassan Ali, the English-speaking Persian, at my elbow. He must not, however, be confused with Hassan Ali of Akhrab. That is quite another man: Moslem nomenclature is annoyingly limited.

"How like Persia?"

"Is it not a magnificent ruin? Yes?"

Hassan Ali's small bead-like eyes twinkled, and his brown oval face puckered into his engaging smile.

"Surely not so desperate a simile as that, Hassan Ali?" I answered.

"The simile is good. Yes! I know what is in your mind. Yes? You are thinking how you are to get some of those blue tiles to take to your home. That is why you are so glad to see me. Yes? I will arrange!"

I assured him that, much as I should like a tile or two, or more for that matter, yet nothing had been farther from my mind at the moment.

"Yes, I know," answered this man of docile mien and irresistible smile "The simile is good. Yes? Poor Persia, all you foreigners want to take 'a tile or two' away from her decaying walls. Yes? Russia, a whole arabesque fresco; Turkey, a series of tiles to make a complete text of the Koran; England, just a little southern mosaic; and Germany, late in the scramble, just one tile. Yes? When you have all finished what shall we have left of our ruins? Just the dust of the bricks! Poor Persia!"

I suggested that he was taking rather a pessimistic view of his country's condition.

"Well," he answered, "we Persians may be fools, but we are not so blind to our own interests as some European countries! Yes?"

"By which cryptic remark you mean?"

"Why, your England! Yes!"

<sup>13</sup> Crown Prince, who is usually named Governor of Tabriz.



"England? Why, England has retired from Persian affairs!" I said, with an effort at banter.

"Hence her infirmity of sight! Yes!" And although I could see that Hassan Ali was serious, yet his eyes twinkled as if he were pitching me a jest.

"Really, Hassan Ali, it is too hot here in the street to enter into a discussion of British diplomacy. But what is wrong?"

"You, too, have the infirmity of your people. Yes! Don't you see that at the very moment when you sacrificed years of diplomacy, a generation of commercial honesty and decades of Persian hope and trust in you, Persia was a ripe pear that had grown rotten at the core. It was ready to drop into the hand that shook the tree. Russia knew, and smiled when you made the agreement. You could have shaken the tree! Yes!"

"Well, we left it to another, Hassan Ali, to spoil the orchard!"

"And you are not ashamed! Do you not know how we disgust the Rus-

Blackwood's Magazine.

sian? How Azerbaijan, that might have been English, will never be Russian! Yes!"

"But you said just now that the pear was ripe, that the tree only had to be shaken?"

"I said that you British could have shaken the tree. But not the Russians! Yes!"

"Why not the Russians, Hassan Ali?"

"They are afraid! Yes!"

"Afraid? Afraid of whom?"

"The Turk! Yes!"

"Hassan Ali, let us go home. It is too hot here to discuss the diplomacy of nations!" Yet I knew that every word he had said was true. That if it had not been for the Turk, the Cossack by this would have been in Tabriz. The Persian at least can thank Japan for this one mercy. What claim to thanks we may be entitled to is not directly apparent. England's attitude in Persia is judged by Persians much as ruined minors would judge a defaulting family lawyer!

## LITERATURE IN DRAMA.

### I.

When Wagner adapted the symphony to opera he accomplished exactly what literary people desire to see accomplished in a play, but not being themselves playwrights, or, indeed, particularly interested in problems of stage-craft they have not, as a rule, sufficient knowledge to formulate exactly the means by which literature and drama are to go hand in hand. The matter generally narrows itself down to plays in blank verse, curious symbolical fantasies, or such avowedly literary dramas as Stephenson's *Beau Austin*. As to blank verse itself, it would seem that managers still believe in it as an effective medium for

drama. Whether they could give good reasons for the belief that is in them I know not, but it may be shrewdly suspected that being actors as well as managers both Mr. Oscar Asche and Mr. Beerbohm Tree are in love with the rhetorical music of blank verse, apart from a love of drama that may have more color and violence than is possible in a play on a modern subject unless it be frank melodrama. The renaissance of the blank verse play is, indeed, a curious feature of our dramatic life. In the last half of the nineteenth century it did not come within practical politics. A poet here and there tried his hand at blank verse tragedy, but not with a view to stage

production. The modern movement is more practical. The young men who now write plays in blank verse write them with an eye to the theatre, and even an eye to the requirements of special actors and actresses. In a sense these plays are a protest against the modern society drama in which sexual problems play so large a part. Our young poets have a desire to portray something bigger than domestic tragedy; to realize more of the free-blooded life of the world than is possible in a satirical and realistic comedy. Their fault is that their means of expression are of more importance to their minds than the thing expressed. That was the chief weakness of Mr. Laurence Binyon's unfortunate *Attila*, but it is a weakness that has something in its favor, inasmuch as modern drama suffers from a lack of literary expression. The difficulty is to determine the degree and kind of literary expression which is proper to drama.

## II.

The pure literary man has never curiously considered what literature in drama means. He condemns the taste of our playgoers because plays which contain detached passages of fine writing or exquisite poetic fancies are not accepted by them. From time to time literary stage societies are formed and either produce new "literary" plays or revise some of the neglected dramas in verse. A special audience is attracted and a critic here and there bewails the fact that we have so little literary drama in England. It is tacitly assumed that Shakespeare was a literary dramatist, because his plays are full of poetic passages which have passed into the common currency of our language, and that assumption proves how little the genius of our great dramatist is understood. It is, indeed, the very greatness of his genius which has made us accept that

detached verbal poetry. Lesser men, poets such as Marlowe, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, have sunk beneath the weight of their poetical embellishment of drama, and almost every modern practitioner of blank verse has overloaded his dramatic ideas with the same stiff, inappropriate brocade of poetic fancies. This has been peculiarly the fault of the British blank verse play. From century to century, since the days of Elizabethan exuberance, our poets have failed to hit on a proper poetical medium for drama. Inappropriate imagery, which is luxuriant enough in the plays of Shakespeare himself, has become an obsession, and the less gifted the writer is as dramatist the more discursive is his imagery. Our models have been wrong; our style *baroque*. Our poetic plays have suffered from excess of fancy and not from excess of imagination, as we fondly conceive.

If you turn from Sophocles and Euripides to Marlowe, and even to Shakespeare, you will see how much more *dramatic* were the old Greek dramatists. Their tragic verse, high sounding and sonorous as it was, is a wonderfully plastic medium for drama. Fancy is never allowed to stand in the way and retard the expression of dramatic ideas. It may possibly be that the verse had to be direct in aim to appeal to the vast audiences who witnessed Greek dramas. Pretty little poetic conceits, marring the characters of the *dramatis personæ* who utter them, would have been lost in the Greek theatre. This may be one of the reasons for the close-knit style of Greek tragic verse, but is it not more probable that a race remarkable for its artistic perceptions hit on the right dramatic expression by instinct? To appeal to Aristotle is now held to be naïve pedantry, but the Greek's dicta on drama might well be taken to heart by some of our modern dramatists, and a nation that

could raise so keen a thinker on the art of drama must have had no ordinary artistic perception. Compared with the greatest of the Greeks our greatest dramatists are commonplace—yes, even Shakespeare. And though it may seem a frigid and pedantic thing to write, the Greek dramas are great not only because of their unwavering appeal to imagination rather than to actual vision, nor even because their verse is great as verse, but because their method and workmanship never violated artistic taste.

Even Euripides, the least classic and the most realistic of them, held to the canons of composition which the Greek theatre demanded. In the philosophy of the Greek dramatist a desire to create a poetic atmosphere by indulgence in exuberant imagery had no place. He was bent on bringing before his audience the feelings and thoughts of his *dramatis personæ*, and everything was concentrated on that. The strength of Shakespeare really lay in that same desire, but he belonged to a day of dilettanti poets and of a fashionable interest in poetic conceits, and he conditioned his work accordingly. Moreover, our race has never been strong in the æsthetic sense. Just as we have muddled through with our wars, so we have muddled through with our artistic affairs. We have neither the reflective spirit of analysis of the German nor the intuitive logic of the French. The one we deem heavy and even absurd; the other we consider cold, frigid and unimaginative. Yet the modern French drama in verse has more vitality than ours. The tragedies of Corneille, it is true, are frigid to the point of absurdity. If you read his *Attila* or Racine's *Phèdre*, the stilted Alexandrines provoke a smile, but these tragedies, however little inspired they may be, are on the Greek model in the sense that the poets have carefully eschewed the endless excursions

into detached poetic fancy which mar our blank verse plays from Marlowe to Stephen Phillips and other of our young poets. *Attila* and *Phèdre* are dramas and not lyric poems cast into dramatic form. From this ultra classic style French dramatists have long since freed themselves, but the influence remains in their work. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *Les Romanesques*, with all their wit and fantasy, are as direct in utterance as a Greek drama. That is to say, the poet does not turn aside to indulge in detached lyrical rhapsodies, but concentrates himself on the expression of his drama. As a consequence, modern French drama in verse has a plasticity which our own lacks. A shining example of this subordination of verse to drama is to be seen in M. Jean Alcard's *Le Père Lebonnard*, a charming and sensitive comedy dealing with modern life in a French provincial town as to its environment, and with the immutable passions of mankind as to its drama. This play proved that verse can be employed in a modern play without violating a sense of reality, so long as the verse is appropriate in imagery, style and psychological expression.

### III.

Into the question of whether blank verse is an effective medium for drama I will not enter here at any length. For my part, I hear more subtle music in fine prose, and the insistent lambics of blank verse hammer with irritating effect on my ear. That is, however, purely a matter of taste. The diatonic music of blank verse may please many ears; I prefer the plastic chromaticism of finely-chiselled prose. In either case, the literary value of a play is not a quality to be judged apart from the drama itself. That is the mistake the pure literary man makes in setting up his standard of taste. In the same way the lover of absolute music misjudges

opera. Yet in both drama and opera there is room for absolute beauty of workmanship. Realism in dialogue is not the chief end of drama. As a matter of fact, it is not possible to be entirely realistic in writing the dialogue of a play, and least of all (if the paradox may be allowed) in writing a realistic play. So much has to be conveyed in so small a space of time that the dialogue must be reduced to its last point of concentration. It must be the essence of ordinary speech. Then, above all, every cadence, every image, every peculiarity of expression must be characteristic of the *dramatis personae*. The result is literature as far as the drama is concerned and an exceedingly difficult form of literature to write. The majority of our plays are quite destitute of this special dramatic literary quality. The modern playwright of commerce, unable to avail himself of high-sounding blank verse which the players love to mouth, falls back on a shoddy rhetoric, a sort of dramatic journalese. This stop is pulled out for the big emotional scenes. I will give an example of what I mean from Mr. Alfred Sutro's *John Glayde's Honor*. The hero is explaining to his wife how he has missed his path in the world and thrown away her love.

I stand alone, with my millions stinking around me. . . . Don't cry. . . . You couldn't tell that I loved you—that you were all I had. . . . It's not your fault. . . . I did nothing but work—it grew like a cancer. I was John Glayde the Iron King, who endowed hospitals and universities—John Glayde, the great man whose name was in all men's mouths—John Glayde, the miserable fool who has thrown away you! And now if he could tear his flesh, or lop off an arm—barter the years he has left for a week with you—sell all the world, trade his money, his future, his brain, to hear you tell him you loved him. . . .

An actor can make this kind of rhetoric effective, but its obvious cadences

entirely mar it as dramatic expression of a strong man's agony of spirit. Mr. Pinero and Mr. H. A. Jones are adepts at the same type of rhetoric, and this has even been accounted to them as literary excellence, not indeed by the literary man who does not understand the theatre, but by the play-goer who does not understand literature. It is not only that the speech is too symmetrical in its cadences, but that it is also out of character, and, above all, that it does not bear the imprint of sincerity. In short, it is not dramatic literature. To explain myself, I will quote Lady Teazle's speech when she confesses to her lord after the screen has been thrown down.

*Sir Peter.* Now I believe the truth is coming indeed!

*Jos. Surface.* The woman's mad!

*Lady Teazle.* No, sir, she has recovered her senses, and your own acts have furnished her with the means. Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has so penetrated to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honorable address to his ward—I see him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him.

This speech is every bit as ornate in its cadences as that which Mr. Sutro has put into John Glayde's mouth, and therefore may be compared with it. But what a difference there is in the cadences! Sheridan has got music into his prose and, more than that, there is sincerity of feeling in its restrained expression, whereas John Glayde seeks to impress us by an exaggeration of rhetoric which does not move.

The special cadence of Sheridan's prose was not a personal quality; it was to a great extent the fashion of the day, which in later times, coarsened by florid elaborations, found its last expression in old-fashioned journalese. In truth, Sheridan himself, with all his wit, had coarsened the cadences of Congreve. In none of Sheridan's plays, except, perhaps, in parts of *The Critic*, are there any speeches so characteristic and yet so finely chiselled as those which Congreve put into the mouth of his Lady Wishfort, nor had the Irishman's more "literary" speeches the same ease and plasticity of cadence. The scene in *The Way of the World*, in which Mirabell and Mrs. Millamant discuss conditions of marriage, is a fine example of Congreve's style. To prove my point I should have to quote the whole scene but perhaps one of Millamant's speeches will suffice:—

Trifles:—At liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please; dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humor, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

To my ears there is a more intimate cadence in this speech than in any that Sheridan wrote. One can detect the humor behind it, but the scene as a whole breathes this with more clear-

ness. Above all, the speech is splendidly calculated for the additional effect of the tones of voice of the actress. The literary quality never smothers the human expression of the writing. Unfortunately the literary man is apt to cling to these old models of dramatic writing and to forget that the cadences of Congreve and Sheridan are no longer of to-day. To introduce the same kind of writing into a play of modern life would be absurd. Moreover our modes of speech are more divergent from our literary manner than appears to have been the case in the days of Sheridan, if we may judge by the epistolary style of our forefathers and their reports of conversation. Except in tedious after-dinner speeches you seldom hear well-defined cadences in the speech of men of to-day. You seldom hear them even at the House of Commons. The truth is, the music of modern speech is not so formal as it was. At its worst it has a *staccato* slovenliness; at its best a curious and nervous plasticity. The sense, imagery, and emotion of the subject-matter condition its form. In the eighteenth century, and, by echo, far in the Victorian age the subject-matter of speech was forced into a stereotyped literary mould. That was natural to a more artificial and, perhaps, a more elegant age than ours. Curiously enough, our drama has been long in freeing itself from a literary convention which has become artificial. In the plays of the older school of modern British dramatists you will still have the stilted cadence. It sounds in the speech from *John Gayde's Honor* which I have quoted, and Mr. A. W. Pinero is a past-master of the cadence. Indeed, some critics even account this to him as a literary virtue, whereas it is precisely the quality that makes his plays non-literary from a modern point of view.

The younger school of dramatists is more literary without making pretence

to that quality. Mr. Bernard Shaw, at his best and when he forgets that he has been a journalist and a tub-thumper, has written some genuine literary drama in the modern sense. Mr. Granville Barker, in *The Voysey Inheritance*, has also displayed a sense of literature in drama, and so have Mr. John Galsworthy and the newest dramatist Mr. Anthony Wharton. Both Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Wharton are free from the modern vice of peppering the speeches of their *dramatis personæ* with epigrams.

#### IV.

It is not true, therefore, that our drama is lacking in literary qualities, and when a writer makes that assertion without modification he may be taken as ignorant of what literature in relation to drama really means. In the first place, it is a general mistake to presume that, outside blank-verse plays, there can be "absolute" literary beauty in drama. The instance I gave at the beginning of this article of Wagner's adaptation of the symphony to opera will not serve, for the musician has his orchestra as a second means of expression, as an invisible chorus, as it were. The dramatist is bound by his *dramatis personæ*, and the stale device of a *raisonneur* which we find cropping up in many modern plays has become too tiresome to be tolerated as a mouth-piece for the author's opinions on life expressed in literary terms. It is one of the defects, indeed, of Mr. Bernard Shaw's dramatic style. At the same time the literary man who assumes that writing for the stage is a matter of mere conversational naturalness misunderstands the conventions of dramatic art. It is necessary for the artist to preserve that naturalness in a modern play, but at the same time he has to write his dialogue with a concentration and a suggestiveness which are not to be found in ordinary speech.

That is the great difficulty of play-writing. By dint of indefatigable filing down and subtle chiselling Ibsen became a master of the art, but he carried it to such lengths that his dialogue is often obscure in its wealth of suggestiveness, and his plays in their excellent English translation at least, are apt to be stiff and frigid from excess of dramatic virtue.

If there is one thing our drama needs to lift it to the level of French and German drama it is that literary men who have looked on the novel as their medium of expression should turn to the stage, and happily there are signs that their attention is being turned to it. But the novelist in writing for the stage must learn many things. He must learn that the psychological basis of a play should be sounder than is necessary in a novel. He cannot explain his characters on the stage; they must explain themselves without the assistance of an analytical advocate. A psychological hiatus may be bridged over in a novel by a page of brilliant analysis; but in a play that hiatus may wreck the whole concern and make good work on the part of the players almost impossible. He must also learn that a few moments of action take the place of pages of description, and, above all, he must forget all the old-fashioned plays he has ever seen, and not be misled into believing that crude melodrama is necessary to the stage. We have grown out of that long ago, and we do not now quarrel with a play because it is not sensational. We only demand from it that the subject should be treated in terms of drama; that the characters themselves should make the clash which is necessary on the stage. Finally, the literary man must learn that words are not his only medium of expression; that he has at his command the far more subtle means of facial expression, tones of voice, and gesture, and



that these instruments must not only be allowed to play their parts in the whole orchestra of dramatic performances but, to a great extent, must condition the dialogue, making extended

*The Fortnightly Review.*

speech in many cases quite unnecessary. The result will not be absolute literature, but it will be modern dramatic literature.

*E. A. Baughan.*

## HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

(*Mrs. Francis Blundell.*)

### CHAPTER VIII.

On the following morning Stephen Hardy was slowly jogging down the lane which led from his premises to the high road, on his way to the meet, when he was hailed by name.

"Good morning, Mr. Hardy," said a girl's voice.

Stephen reined up his horse and looked round. On his right was the palling which skirted his own fields; on the left the high wall which shut in the garden of the Little Farm; no one was apparently in sight, yet the voice most certainly belonged to one of the Miss Leslies.

"You're going to hunt, I suppose," it pursued. "Why don't you wear pink, Mr. Hardy?"

A certain elfishness in the tone and in the trill of laughter which accompanied the query identified the speaker with the younger of the sisters. Stephen turned in his saddle and looked behind him. Old Cox was leaning on his hoe on the path in front of the Little Farm, apparently lost in meditation; but no other human figure was in sight.

"You've looked in front, and you've looked behind, and you've looked all round—why don't you look up?" inquired Bess.

Stephen did as he was bid. There was a high mound on the further side of the wall, as he knew, which had at one time been crowned by a sort of shrubbery; a large clump of pampas-grass still remained surmounting the little eminence, and in the midst of this

stood Bess, possibly a good deal to the detriment of the plant in question. Her small figure was almost lost amid the thick growth of stalk and withered leaf, and her uncovered head peered out from the midst of the waving plumes, with fantastic effect. Catching Stephen's eye she immediately turned this head to its most engaging angle, and waved the tall stems to which she was clinging, so that white feathery flakes detached themselves and filled the air about her.

"What are you doing up there?" asked Stephen, with a smile that was half-astonished, half-admiring.

"I'm pretending to be a fairy," responded Bess, shaking the pampas-stalk again. "I've been pretending for a long time, and it's quite nice."

After all she was only a child. Stephen smiled up at her quite paternally. She did, indeed, look rather like a fairy—a pantomime fairy—as she stood poised thus on her insecure pedestal, with the wintry sunshine playing on her brightly-tinted head and face, and turning the surrounding plumes into silver and gold.

"When I am up here, do you see," she resumed, "I feel I'm in a beautiful world. I can forget everything that is sordid and squalid. I think of all the kind and generous things I could do for my friends if I had the power as well as the will."

Here the blue pinafore fluttered with a little sigh.

"And I think—I think, too, of what

I might do for Kitty, and for myself."

Another fluttering sigh—a pensive rolling upwards of the golden eyes.

"We lead rather miserable lives for such young girls, you know, Mr. Hardy."

"I suppose so," said Stephen, considering her gravely.

His horse, which remembered it was a hunting morning if he did not, gave an impatient little spring and recalled his mind to the business in hand.

"Well, I must get on, I suppose," he remarked. "I'm rather late already, and the meet is a good way off."

"Lucky you," said Bess. "What a glorious thing it must be to have a good gallop on such a day as this! Kitty and I used to ride once—but that belongs to the past, like every other nice thing."

Stephen raised his hat rather awkwardly and jogged on down the lane.

He was riding slowly homewards through the gathering dusk, after a capital day's sport, when, on passing a turnip-field belonging to a neighboring farmer, of which a small portion was being hurdled off for sheep, he was startled by the sound of a woman's voice crying out in terror or in anger. Raising himself in his stirrups he looked over the hedge, and saw a little group of figures gathered together in a corner of this field; in the midst was a woman struggling with a tall man, whose loud guffaw of laughter was echoed by his companions. The group was standing by an open gate near which was a cart, half full of hurdles.

"Now then, now then, what's all this?" shouted Stephen, as, putting his horse to a trot, he hastened towards the spot.

The party in the field were too much occupied with the jest in hand to pay any attention to him, but in another moment he was in the midst of them, and, springing from his horse, pushed

his way towards the still struggling woman.

"Now then," he cried again, seizing her molester by the shoulder, "what's this?"

It was too dark for him to distinguish the woman's face, but there was something familiar to him in the outlines of her figure. She freed herself now from the relaxed grasp of her startled tormentor, and, turning away, dashed her hand across her eyes.

"He—he insulted I," she said, with a sob.

"What! Sheba!" exclaimed Stephen; then tightening his grip on the prisoner, he shook him until he cried out for mercy.

The other men crowded round. "Nay, Sir, 'twas but a bit of a jest. Sheba Baverstock be so stand-off-like, she do fair tempt the bwoys to carry on w! nonsense!"

"I'll not let nobody touch me," said the woman, or rather the girl, for the voice, broken though it was, sounded clear and young.

"'Twas but a bit o' horseplay," urged one of the defenders, "no harm meant. The bwoy was but for snatchin' a kiss."

"E-es," she cried, flashing round upon him, "jist because I've got nobody to stand up for me you think you can take liberties—a lot o' cowards that ye be!"

Stephen's left hand still grasped the bridle of his horse, and he now turned to the last speaker.

"Lead my horse on to the road," he said, "and hold him for me. I'll take this business in hand. I'll show you, you folks here, that it isn't safe to insult a woman, however lonely she may be."

The girl, without a word, caught hold of the rein and led away the horse. When she had passed through the gate Hardy turned to her aggressor.

"Now then," he said, "you may either

stand up to me like a man, or may make up your mind to take a proper good thrashing."

It is to be presumed that the youth was either somewhat dazed by the suddenness of the onslaught, or was not prepared to show fight to so powerful a magnate as Stephen Hardy. In either case he took his drubbing meekly enough, his companions standing round, sheepish and impressed.

Having released his victim at length and upbraided the group generally in a few scathing words, Stephen rejoined the girl, who was walking up and down the road with her head bent and her bosom still heaving with sobs.

"Sheba," he said, coming alongside and taking possession of the bridle. "Sheba, why will you lay yourself open to such treatment? How often must I ask you that?"

"You do know as well as I do," returned she; "I've got to work to keep myself, and father too."

"Then why not do proper woman's work? I told you we could find you plenty to do any day in the dairy at our place. You could go home as often as you liked to see to your father."

"Nay, I'll never do that," she returned vehemently, "never! You and me was equals once—I'll not be your servant now, nor your mother's neither."

"What were you doing in the field yonder?" asked Stephen after a troubled pause.

"Oh, I did bring up a load of hurdles there; they be fetchin' back my cart now, looksee."

One of the men was indeed approaching with a horse and cart. He delivered the reins to Sheba, with an obsequious air, and stood back, staring at her and the farmer.

"That'll do," said the latter sharply. As the man turned away, Sheba climbed into the cart and gathered up

the reins, but Stephen barred her progress for yet another moment.

"I wish you'd let me help you," he said earnestly. "For the sake of old times you might do it, though you are so proud."

"'Tis along o' wold times that I won't," she returned. "Nay, Stephen, I can get along right enough if folks 'ull leave me alone, an' I reckon they'll do that now you've given that chap a lesson."

"This old horse of yours," persisted Stephen, as though he had not heard her, "he'll scarce keep on his legs much longer. Now if you'll accept the one I offered ye—a good beast with many a day's work left in him yet, though his wind's damaged—you might start a proper tranting business. I'd be glad, too, to find a home for poor Duke. He's no good to me, and I don't like to destroy him; so the kindness would be as much on your side as mine."

"No, Stephen," she returned, "I won't take nothin' from ye—nothin'. Not your horse, nor yet your money. I took help of another kind from ye to-day, and thank ye for it, but your charity I don't want, and I won't have!"

Stephen stepped back, and, answering to a jerk of the reins, Sheba's horse, which seemed indeed to be very old and feeble, shambled slowly away. When the cart disappeared from sight Stephen mounted his own horse and rode homewards. He sighed to himself as he proceeded on his way, and his thoughts for some few moments busied themselves with the recent encounter. Presently, however, they wandered away to another point, and he recalled once more certain words which had been dropped down to him over the high wall that morning.

"We lead rather miserable lives. . . . Lucky you. . . . Kitty and I used to ride once—but that belongs to the past, like every other nice thing."

Well, this at least was a state of affairs that could be remedied.

He found on reaching home that his stepmother was not in the parlor, and, being ready for his tea, he made his way to the big kitchen, where he found her in company with his tenants of the Little Farm. Bess, wearing a business-like white apron and a sun-bonnet poised with bewitching effect upon her curls, with sleeves rolled up on two plump arms, always white, and now whiter than ever with flour, seemed busily at work. In a corner by the fire sat Kitty, pensively gazing into the glowing coals.

"I've got company, ye see, Stephen," cried Rebecca joyfully.

"Not company," said Bess, raising her eyes demurely from the dough she was diligently kneading, "help."

"To be sure, to be sure," laughed Rebecca. "I'm havin' help, Stephen, my dear. Miss Bess, here, she be come to give I a hand wi' the bread, and to-morrow I be a-goin' to learn her to skim cream."

"I'm tired of leading an empty life," explained Bess; "I've made up my mind to be useful."

Stephen stood for a moment flicking at his splashed boot with his hunting-crop; there was a smile upon his face, which, however, presently vanished as he glanced at Kitty. The latter had not spoken, nor, after the first nod of greeting, moved.

"You have no taste for such work, I see, Miss Leslie," he said.

The harshness so often noticeable in his tone when he spoke to her was very perceptible now. This dainty lady was evidently too proud even to emulate her sister's playful pretence. Kitty looked up with that mixture of appeal and resentment with which she had once before responded to a similar indictment; but made no reply.

Mrs. Hardy hastened to take up the cudgels on her behalf.

"I'd 'low ye bairn't so very well to-day, be you, missy? There, you've scarce spoke a word since ye did come in, though Miss Bess here can make her little tongue wag a bit."

"Ah," said Bess, glancing up innocently from beneath her sunbonnet, "that's the worst of me—I'm such a chatterbox—I know I am. You see, when I get with kind people like you I can't help feeling light-hearted again. It's such a contrast to our dreadful silent house down there. Everything's so cheerful in this place, I can't help feeling cheerful too."

"Well, my dear, an' I'm sure 'tis right you should feel cheerful at your age. 'Twould be downright onnat'ral if you didn't. There, sure it do my heart good to hear ye. I could wish to see sister a bit more lively-like too. I'm sorry to hear you do feel it so lonesome at the Little Farm. It must be a sad change to what you're used to of course—sure it must be."

Stephen's face softened, and he came a step or two forward into the room.

"You were saying this morning that you'd like to ride again," he said to Bess. "That pony of mine that goes with one of the milk-carts would carry you nicely. He's a pretty-shaped, clean-legged little beast if you come to look at him, and the mare I ride about the place would suit Miss Leslie very well, I think, if she was willing to try her."

Kitty half rose from her chair; her cheeks were flaming, her lips parted, but, before the words which she had begun to stammer could convey their meaning, Bess struck in with shrill and decided tones.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Hardy—thank you a thousand times! It will be lovely—too delightful for words! We accept with rapture!"

"Bess," interposed Kitty, raising her voice in turn, "I don't see how we can.

We have not ridden since we were children, and our habits—"

"I tell you I will go, Kitty," cried Bess, stamping her foot. "A fig for habits! I'll go if I have to wear Louisa's Sunday gown. We'll certainly go, Mr. Hardy."

"Of course, if Miss Leslie objects—" said Stephen.

"Let her object as much as she likes," exclaimed Bess, rebelliously. "I'm going to ride, Mr. Hardy."

"If Bess rides I will ride too," said Kitty. "Where you go I go, Bess," she added, turning upon her sister with a sternness which she had never hitherto shown before the Hardys.

"Well, well, the more the merrier," said Rebecca, gazing from one to the other with a mystified air. "I'm sure ye needn't trouble much about habits, miss; there'll be no one to see you but the crows. I wouldn't go out on the road for a bit till ye get more used to ridin'; any old skirt 'ull do then."

"There's a saddle here which belonged to my mother," said Stephen; "I will hunt it up, and I can borrow another."

"Thank you very much," said Kitty, constrainedly; "it is very good of you to take so much trouble."

"And you'll come with us, won't you, Mr. Hardy?" said Bess. "You'll come just to see we don't fall off or anything."

"It might be safer at first," responded the farmer. "I'll try and get everything ready for three o'clock to-morrow—I shan't be busy then."

But he was destined to see the sisters before the stated hour. Quite early,

*The Times.*

before daylight in fact, he observed the pair crossing the yard towards the milk-house, Bess skipping along in front and Kitty following more slowly.

"What do the young ladies want at this time of the morning?" he inquired, rising from the table where he had just finished breakfast.

"Dear, to be sure," responded Rebecca, "I'd clean forgotten I'd promised to teach the little one how to make up the butter. I did tell the maids to keep a bit back on purpose for her. I did think 'twould be a pity to drag her out of her bed any earlier."

"Is Miss Leslie going to learn to make butter, too?" inquired Stephen.

"I fancy not. She do seem to ha' got summat on her mind, poor dear. There she do scarce open her lips, but she do follow sister about same as a dog mid do. Well, it mid seem a funny thing to you, Stephen, but for all she be so stand-off by times, I do seem to have more of a likin' for she nor what I do feel for the little 'un."

Stephen made no answer, and his stepmother glanced round at him.

"She be too stuck-up for your taste, I d' 'low."

"She is nothing to me one way or another," returned Stephen, and he went out, banging the door behind him.

Mrs. Hardy uttered an ejaculation of surprise, for Stephen seldom showed temper, and the occasion did not seem to her to call for it. But presently, like the philosophical woman she was, she joined the sisters in the dairy without further troubling herself about the matter.

*(To be continued.)*

## FROM A POOR MAN'S HOUSE.

## V

Chilliness—an emotional and social chilliness that can with difficulty be defined or nailed down to any cause—is, above and below all, what one feels in returning from a poor man's house into middle-class surroundings. It is not unlike that chill with which certain forms of metropolitan hospitality strike a countryman. He meets a London friend, a former fellow-townsmen, perhaps, who has migrated to London and whom he has not seen for a year or two. "Glad to see you," says the Londoner. "You must call on my wife before you go back. Her day is Wednesday." Or, "You must come to dinner one evening. When are you free? Next Tuesday? or Friday?" If the hospitality had begun forthwith, and the countryman had been baled off, country fashion, to the very next pot-luck meal, he would have had a pleasant adventure. It would have been like old times. The old glow of friendship would have more than revived. But the calculated invitation for a future date, the idea that the countryman will like to call for a twenty minutes' chat on generalities and a couple of cups of bad afternoon tea. . . . Though he may understand that the multiplicity of engagements in London renders this sort of thing convenient, he none the less feels a chill when it is applied to himself, and usually cares little whether he go or not. He becomes conscious of the desire to save trouble, which is at the bottom of such calculations. Had the Londoner revisited the country he would have found old friends ready to upset all their arrangements for the sake of entertaining him. The London hospitality is the "better done," but country hospitality is warmer. Middle-class life runs smoother than the

poor man's: it is more arranged, and in many ways "better done," and it is chillier precisely because, for smooth running, the warmer human impulses, both good and bad, must be repressed. "Something with a little love and a little murder" was what the untaught old woman wanted to learn to read. It is what we all want in our hearts, much more than smooth running and impenetrable uniform politeness.

Down at Seacombe we warm our hands, so to speak, at the fire of life; hunger lurks outside, and the fire is dusty and needs looking after; but it glows, and we sit together round it. Here, in Salisbury, throughout the social house, we have an installation of hot-water pipes; they may be hygienic (which is doubtful), and they are little trouble to keep going; but they don't glow. Give me the warmth that glows, and let me get near the heart of it.

Voices are often raised in Under Town and quarrels are not infrequent, but the underlying affections are seldom doubted, and when they do rise to the surface, there they are, visible, unashamed. "Each for himself, and devil take the hindmost" is more admired in theory than followed in practice. "Each for himself and the Almighty for us all" is Tony's way of putting it. The difference lies there.

My acquaintances here are well off for the necessities of life. No one is likely to starve next week. Nevertheless they are full of worry, and by restraining their expressions of worry so as not to become intolerable to the other worriers, they do but make themselves the more lonely and increase their panic of mind. They are afraid of life.

At Seacombe, though there was not a fortnight's money in the house, we lived merrily on what we had. In Tony's "Summut'll sure to turn up if



you be ready and tries to oblige," there is more than philosophy; there is race tradition, the experience of generations. The Fates are treacherous, therefore, of course, they like to be trusted, and the gifts they reserve for those that trust them are retrospective.

All of us at Tony's wanted many things—a pension, enough to live on, work, a piano, or only "jam side plaate"—God knows what we didn't want! But the things that men haven't got, and want, unite them more than those they have. *I want* is life's steam gauge, the measure of its energy. It is the ground-bass of love, however transcendentalized, and whether it give birth to children or ideas. *I have* is stagnant. And *I am afraid* is the beginning of decay.

It is still *I want*, rather than *I am afraid*, that spurs the poor man on.

#### VI.

For his first marriage, and towards setting up house, Tony succeeded in saving twenty shillings. He gave it to his mother in gold to keep safely for him, and the day before the wedding he asked for it. "You knows we an't got no bloody sovereigns," said his father. It had all been spent in food and clothes for the younger children. So Tony went to sea that night and earned five shillings. A shilling of that too he gave his mother; then started off on foot for the village where his girl was living and waiting him. She had a little saved up; he knew that, though he feared it might have gone like his. They were married however; they fed, rejoiced and joked; and, "for to du the thing proper like," they hired a trap to drive them home. With what money was left they embarked on married life, and their children made no unreasonable delay about coming. "Aye!" says Tony, "I'd du the same again—though 'twas hard times often."

Before I left Seacombe I asked a fisherman's wife, who was expecting her sixth or seventh child, whether she had enough money in hand to go through with it all; for I knew that her husband was unlikely to earn anything just then. "I have," she said, "an' p'raps I an't. It all depends. If everything goes all right, I've got enough to last out, but if I be so ill as I was w' the last one, what us lost, then I an't. Howsbe-ever, I don't want nort now. Us'll see how it turns out." She went on setting her house in order, preparing baby linen and making ready to "go up over," with perfect courage and tranquillity. When one thinks of the average educated woman's fear of childbed, although she can have doctors, nurses, anæsthetics and every other alleviation, the contrast is very great, more especially as the fisherman's wife had good reason to anticipate much pain and danger and household trouble in addition to the possibility of her money giving out.

Those are not extraordinary instances, chosen to show how courageous people can be sometimes; on the contrary, they are quite ordinary illustrations of a general attitude among the poor towards life. To express it in terms of a theory which in one form or another is accepted by nearly all thinkers—the poor have not only the *Will to Live*, they have the *Courage to Live*.

On the whole, they possess the *Courage to Live* much more than any other class. And they need it much more. The industrious middle-class man, the commercial or professional man, works with a reasonable expectation of ending his days in comfort. He would hardly work without. But the poor man's reasonable expectation is the workhouse, or some almost equally galling kind of dependency. The former may count himself very unlucky if after a life of work he comes

to destitution; the latter is lucky if he escapes it. Yet the poor man works on, and is of at least as good cheer as the other one. If he can rub along he is even happy. He is, I believe, the happier of the two.

The more intimately one lives among the poor, the more one admires their amazing talent for happiness in spite of privation, and their magnificent courage in the face of uncertainty; and the more also one sees that these qualities have been called into being, and kept alive, by uncertainty and thriftlessness. Thrift, indeed, may easily be an evil rather than good. From a middle-class standpoint it is an admirable virtue to recommend to the poor. It tends to keep them off the rates. But for its proper exercise thrift requires a special training and tradition. And from the standpoint of the essential, as opposed to the material, welfare of the poor it can easily be over-valued. Extreme thrift, like extreme cleanliness, has often a singularly dehumanizing effect. It hardens the nature of its votaries, just as gaining what they have not earned most frequently makes men flabby. Thrift, as highly recommended, leads the poor man into the spiritual squalor of the lower middle class. It is all right as a means of living, but lamentable as an end of life. If a penny saved is a penny earned, then a penny truly earned is worth twopence.

The *Courage to Live* is the blossom of the *Will to Live*—a flower far less readily grown than withered. It might be argued that since apprehensiveness implies foresight, the poor man's *Courage to Live* is simply his lack of forethought. In part, no doubt, it is that. But he does think, slowly and tentatively, as a cuttle-fish grips. He foresees pretty plainly the workhouse; and he has the courage to face its probability, and to go ahead nevertheless. His reading of life is in some ways

very broad, his foothold very firm; for they are founded closely on actual experience of the more primary realities. He looks backwards as well as forwards; his fondness and memory for anecdote is evidence of how he dwells on the past; instead of comparing some occurrence with something in a book he recalls a similar thing that happened to so-and-so, so many years ago, you mind. . . . He knows vaguely (and it is our vaguer knowledge which shapes our lives) that only by a succession of miracles, a long series of hair's-breadth escapes and lucky chances, does he stand at any moment where he is; and he doesn't see why miracles should suddenly come to an end. Hence his active fatalism, as opposed to the passive Eastern variety. In Tony's opinion, " 'Tis better to be lucky than rich." I have never heard him say that fortune favors the brave. He assumes it.

## VII

As one grows more democratic in feeling, as one's faith in the people receives shock after shock, yet on the whole brightens—so does one's mistrust of the so-called democratic programmes increase. One becomes at once more dissatisfied and less, more reckless and much more cautious. One sees so plainly that the three or four political parties by no means exhaust the political possibilities. The poor, though indeed they have the franchise, remain little more than pawns in the political game. They have to vote for somebody, and nobody is prepared to allow them much without a full return in money or domination. They pay in practice for what theoretically is only their due. Justice for them is mainly bills of costs. The political fight lies still between their masters and would-be masters; not so much now, perhaps, between different factions of property

owners as between the property owners and the intellectuals or the busybodies. Out of the frying-pan into the fire seems the likely course; for the busybodies muddle everything, and the intellectuals, if they have the chance, enslave the whole man; they are logical and ruthless. The worst tyrannies have been priestly tyrannies, whether of Christians, Brahmins, or negro witch-doctors; those priests have been the intellectuals of their time. I wonder when we shall have a party of intellectuals content to find out the people's ideals and to serve them faithfully, instead of trying to foist their own ideals upon the people.

Law-makers, however, will probably continue to work for the supposed benefit of the people rather than on the people's behalf; and equally, the supposed welfare of the people will continue to be the handiest political weapon; for the property-owning, articulate classes are better able to prevent themselves being prayed with. To these two facts one's political principles must be adjusted. The articulate classes, moreover, are actually so little acquainted with the inner life of the poor that there is no groundwork of general knowledge upon which to base conclusions, and one can only speak to the best of one's personal experience. I don't mind confessing that, though I should prefer justice all round, yet, if injustice is to be done—as done it must be, no doubt—I had rather the poor were not the sufferers. There is no reason, of course, to believe that present conditions cannot be bettered—to believe, “que tout est au mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes possibles.” I have found that to grow acquainted with the class which is the chief object of social legislation, is to see more plainly the room for improvement, and also to see how much better, how much sounder that class is than it appeared to be from the outside; how

much might be gained, of material advantage especially, and at the same time how much more there is to be lost of those qualities of character which have been acquired through long training and infinite sacrifice. To learn to care for the poor, for their own sake, is to fear for them nothing so much as slap-dash, short-sighted social legislation.

The man matters more than his circumstances. The poor man's *Courage to Live* is his most valuable distinctive quality. Most of his finest virtues spring therefrom. Any material progress which tends to diminish his *Courage to Live*, or to reduce it to mere *Will to Live*, must prove in the long run to his and the nation's disadvantage. And the *Courage to Live*, like other virtues, does diminish with lack of exercise. Therefore every material advance should provide for the continued, for an even greater, exercise and need of the *Courage to Live*. If not, then the material advance is best done without.

That is the main constructive conclusion to be drawn. Somewhat akin to it is another conclusion of a more critical nature.

In Nietzsche's *Beyond Good and Evil* there is an apophthegm to the effect that, “insanity in individuals is something rare; but in groups, parties, nations and epochs it is the rule.” And whilst, on the one hand, mental specialists have been extending the boundaries of insanity to the point of justifying the popular saying that every one is a bit mad, they have, on the other hand, tended to narrow down the difference between sanity and its reverse until it has become almost entirely a question of mental inhibition, self-control.

The highest aim of Mental Hygiene should be to increase the power of mental inhibition amongst all men and women. Control is the basis of all

law and the cement of every social system among men and women, without which it would go to pieces. . . . *Sufficient power of self-control should be the essence and test of sanity.*<sup>1</sup>

It is too gratuitously assumed by law-makers (i. e. agitators for legislation as well as legislators) that the poor man is woefully deficient in inhibition and must be legislated for at every turn. Because, for instance, he furnishes the police courts with the majority of "drunks and disorderlies" he is treated as a born drunkard, to be sedulously guarded against himself, regardless of such facts as (1) there is more of him to get drunk; (2) he prefers "going on the bust" to the more insidious dram-drinking and drugging; (3) he has more cause to get drunk; (4) he gets drunk publicly; (5) tied-house beer and cheap liquors in general stimulate to disorderliness more than good liquor. The truth is that the poor have a great deal of self-restraint, quite as much probably as their law-makers, but it is exercised in different directions and, possibly, is somewhat frittered away in small occasions. The poor man has so much more bark than bite. He fails to restrain his cuss-words, for example, but, then, cuss-words were invented to impress fools. There is much in his life that would madden his law-makers, and *vice versa*. If control is the cement of every social system, and if it is the highest aim of mental hygiene, it follows that control should be the highest aim of legislation and custom, which together make up social hygiene. And—always remembering that control is of all virtues the one which strengthens with use and withers with disuse—every piece

of new legislation should be most carefully examined as to its probable effect on the self-control of the people. Control, in short, should be the paramount criterion of new legislation. A proximate advantage, unless it be a matter of life and death, is too dearly purchased by an ultimate diminution of self-control.

#### VIII.

Since the Industrial Revolution and rise of the press, the middle class has become more and more the real law-maker. The poor have voted legislators into power; the upper class in the main has formally made the laws; but the engineering of legislation has long been and remains the work of the middle class. And the amusing and pathetic thing is that the middle class has used its power to try and make other people like itself. That it has succeeded so badly is largely due to the fact that the poor man is not simply an undeveloped middle-class man. The children at Seacombe showed true childish penetration in treating a *gentry-boy* as an animal of another species: the poor and the middle class are different in kind as well as in degree. (More different probably than the poor and the aristocrat.) Their civilizations are not two stages of the same civilization, but two civilizations, two traditions, which have grown up concurrently, though not, of course, without considerable intermingling. To turn a typical poor man into a typical middle-class man is not only to develop him in some respects, and do the opposite in others; it is radically to alter him. The civilization of the poor may be more backward, materially, but it consciously, without a conscious effort of will. Which is the saner and likelier to remain so, under ordinary circumstances, and under extraordinary circumstances, would be most difficult to determine. Many people are only sane in action because they know that they are insane in mind, and take measures accordingly. They keep a sane front to the world by legislating pretty sternly for themselves.

<sup>1</sup> "The Hygiene of Mind." By T. S. Clouston, M.D., F.R.S.E. (London, 1906). Without an extension which Dr. Clouston provides, though not in so many words, the definition I have italicised is psychologically a little superficial. Mental inhibition needs dividing into self-control and, say, auto-control. Where one man may self-control himself by an effort of will, another man, in the same predicament, might auto-control himself instinct-

tains the nucleus of a finer civilization than that of the middle class.

The two classes possess widely dissimilar outlooks. Their morale is different; their ethics are different.<sup>2</sup> Middle-class people frequently make a huge, unnecessary outcry, and demand instant, unnecessary legislation because they find among the poor conditions which would be intolerable to themselves, but are by no means so to the poor. And again, the benevolent frequently accuse the poor of great ingratitude because—at some expense, perhaps—they have pressed upon the poor what they themselves would like, but what the poor neither want nor are thankful for. The educated can sometimes enter fully, and even reasonably, into the sorrows of the uneducated, but it is very seldom that they can enter into their joys and consolations.

Broadly speaking, the middle class is distinguished by the utilitarian virtues—the virtues, that is, which are means to an end—the profitable, discreet, expedient virtues—whereas the poor prefer what Maeterlinck calls “the great useless virtues”—useless because they bring no apparent immediate profit, and great because by faith, or deeply-rooted instinct, we still believe them greater than all the utilitarian virtues put together.<sup>3</sup>

The poor, one comes to believe firmly, if not interfered with by those who happen to be in power, are quite capable of fighting out their own salvation. A clear ring is what they want—the opportunity for their “something

in them tending to good” to develop on its own lines. That their culture, so developed, will be different from our present middle-class culture is certain; that it will be superior is very possible. The middle class is in decay; its reproductive instincts are losing their effective intensity; its culture, that it grafted on the old aristocratic stem, must decay with it. When the culture derived from the lower classes is ready to be grafted in its turn upon the old stem, it is possible that mankind's progress will go backwards a little to find its footing, and will then take one of its great jumps forward.

# IX.

The socio-political problem turns out, on ultimate analysis, to be a wide re-statement of the old theological Problem of Pain. Suffering does not necessarily make a fine character, but the characters that we recognize as fine could not, apparently, have been so without suffering. It is possible to say, “I have suffered, and though I am scarred and seared, yet I know that on the whole I am the better for the suffering. I do not now wish that I had not had that suffering. I even desire that those I love shall suffer so much as they can bear, that their conquest may be the greater, their joys the fuller, and their life the more intense.” Nevertheless, the very next moment, the same man will try by every means to avoid suffering for himself and for those he loves. That is the dualism which dogs humanity in

<sup>2</sup> “The more one sees of the poor in their own homes, the more one becomes convinced that their ethical views, taken as a whole, can be more justly described as different from those of the upper classes than as better or worse.” (“The Next Street but One.” By M. Loane. London, 1907.)

<sup>3</sup> “When one begins to know the poor intimately, visiting the same houses time after time, and throughout periods of as long as eight or ten years, one becomes gradually convinced that in the real essentials of morality they are, as a whole, far more advanced than is generally believed, but they range the list of virtues in a different order from that

commonly adopted by the more educated classes. Generosity ranks far before justice, sympathy before truth, love before chastity, a pious and obliging disposition before a rigidly honest one. In brief, the less admixture of intellect required for the practice of any virtue, the higher it stands in popular estimation.” (“From Their Point of View.” By M. Loane. London, 1908.)

It is difficult to see on what grounds Miss Loane implies—if she does mean to imply—that the poor would do well to exchange their own order of the virtues for the other order. Christianity certainly affords no such grounds, nor does any other philosophy or religion, except, perhaps, Utilitarianism.



the mass no less than in the individual. That lies at the core of politics. But it may be that the part of our nature which finds reason to be grateful for past suffering is higher than that part which seeks to avoid it in the future.

Waste of the benefits of suffering is waste indeed.

#### X.

So far as knowledge goes, an educated man is bound to be cock o' the walk among uneducated people—which, alone, is bad for a man. But knowledge is not everything, nor even the main thing. Wisdom is more than knowledge: it is *Knowledge applied to life, the ability to make use of the knowledge well*. In that respect I often have here to eat a slice of humble-pie. For all my elaborate education and painfully gained stock of knowledge, I find myself silenced time after time by the direct wisdom of these so-called ignorant people. They have preserved better, between knowledge and experience, that balance which makes for wisdom. They have less knowledge (less mental dyspepsia, too) and use it to better purpose. It occurs to one finally, that, according to our current standards, the great wise men whom we honor—Christ, Plato, Shakespeare, to name no more—were very ignorant fellows. Possibly the standards are wrong.

To live with the poor is to feel oneself in contact with a greater continuity of tradition and to share in a greater stability of life. The nerves are more annoyed, the thinking and emotional selves less. Perhaps the difference between the two kinds of life

may be tentatively expressed—not necessarily accounted for, of course—in terms of Differential Evolution,<sup>4</sup> somewhat thus:

(1) The first, the least speculative, evolutionary criterion of an animal is its degree of adaptation to its environment.

(2) Man exhibits a less degree of adaptation to environment than any other animal; principally because (a) he consists, roughly speaking, of three interdependent parts—body, thinking brain, and that higher mental function that we call spirit—the development of any one of which, beyond a certain stage, is found to be detrimental to the other two; and because (b) he is able possibly to control directly his own evolution, and certainly to modify it indirectly by modifying the environment in which he evolves. He is able to make mistakes in his own evolution.

(3) The typical poor man is better adapted to his environment, such as it is, than the typical man of any other class, for he has been kept in closer contact with the primary realities—birth, death, risk, starvation; in closer contact, that is to say, with those sections of human environment which are not of human making and which are common to all classes and cannot be done away with. He has fewer mistakes to go back upon.

(It might be said, of course, that maladaptation at any given moment is more than counterbalanced by greater evolutionary potentialities, or by greater inducement to evolve; and that the above chain of reasoning simply goes to prove that the poor man is more of an animal—less evolved. On the

<sup>4</sup> Evolution is at present the last refuge of unscientific minds which think they have explained a process when they have given it a new name, just as chemists used to call an obscure chemical action *catalytic* and then assume that its nature was plain. *Evolution* means an *unfolding*. In that sense it is an observed fact, though exactly how the unfolding is brought about is still conjectural. But it does not matter for the purposes of my argument whether human beings evolve by the transmission to offspring of acquired characteristics, or by bequeathing to them,

as birthright, an environment that their fathers had to make. The material for constructing any theory of mental, or joint mental and physical, evolution, is so hazy that one cannot do more than speculate. It may be noted, however, that acquired mental characteristics appear to be more transmissible, and less stable, than acquired physical characteristics; and that mental evolution (in the broad sense again) proceeds faster and collapses more readily than physical evolution.



other hand, from an evolutionary standpoint, the animal faculties are the most basic of all. A sound stomach is more necessary than a highly developed brain, and good reproductive faculties are essential, because the first demand of evolution is plenty of material. It does not follow that our typical poor man is more of an animal, is less evolved or has a smaller potentiality to evolve, because he has preserved better the animal faculties which are the basis of evolution.)

(4) There is a reasonable probability than an interior balance, between body, brain and spirit, is more needful for realizing the potentialities of evolution than rapidity of development in any single respect. More haste less speed is probably true of human evolution. A healthy baby is more hopeful than a mad adult.

(5) The typical poor man does exhibit a better balance between these three components of him. Less evolved

*The Albany Review.*

in some ways, he is on the whole more forward. His evolution is proceeding with greater solidity. It is more stable, and therefore more likely to realize its potentialities.

That is a speculation among probabilities and possibilities; a spying out of a country that wants mapping; a course over a sea that can never perhaps be buoyed, where bearings must be taken afresh for each voyage that is made. But in any case my belief grows stronger that the poor have kept essentially what a school-boy calls "the better end of the stick," not because their material circumstances are better—materially their lives are often terrible enough—but in spite of material circumstances, because they know better how to make the most of what material circumstances they have. If they could improve their material circumstances and still make the most of them. . . . That is the problem.

*Stephen Reynolds.*

## DOROTHEA BEALE.\*

Dorothea Beale was born in the year 1831; and perhaps no time could have been more appropriate for one whose life was to be spent in educational reform. Whatever the cause, indisputably the training of Early Victorian women had degenerated into a system whose aim was a mere show of ornamental achievement, whilst its discipline imposed crushing restraints, as if ornamental beings were recognized to be necessities of a highly dangerous character. Napoleon, we know, reserved religion for special use in girls' schools, where it was to be maintained "in full severity"; and when amongst his reasons he instanced the unsteadiness of women's ideas, their need of constant resignation and of a kind of

\* "Dorothea Beale," by E. Ralke.

indulgent and easy charity, it is likely that he expressed the views of a later day than his own. Dorothea Beale was not the first in her family to rebel against accepted traditions. In the preceding generation her cousin, Miss Caroline Cornwallis, dreamt already of "raising her sex, and with it the world," and her writings, audacious and for the best of reasons anonymous, had made some stir and received the compliment of being taken for the work of a man. Something of Miss Cornwallis's combative spirit belonged also to Dorothea Beale, in addition to her own more solid qualities of judgment, patience and devotion to duty. The story of her childhood forecasts with singular accuracy the mature woman. It is on record that she once dressed

a doll; and that she had holidays we know, for they were spent "rubbing brasses" in the old city churches, or, later, taking the younger members of the family for walks, "watch in hand"; but play, in the ordinary sense, neither then nor afterwards did she need or understand the need of in others. At the age of thirteen she had already begun to teach, with herself as her first pupil. Four years later she was amongst those who listened to F. D. Maurice at the opening of Queen's College. In 1849 she became mathematical tutor in the same college; in 1854, head-teacher. Ideas as to the right and wrong ways of conducting girls' schools crystallized early in Miss Beale's mind, and the management of Queen's falling to secure her approval, she somewhat rashly decided that her own theories would find freer scope in the Clergy Daughters' School of Brontë fame, now removed from Cowan Bridge to Casterton. "Times are unlike *Jane Eyre*," she wrote soon after her arrival there; but many barbarisms survived, and the London teacher, filled with missionary zeal and high hopes for "women and the race," burned to remove them. The control of the school, however, lay in the hands of six clergymen much respected in the neighborhood, who had on their part settled views as to the right training of the female intelligence and showed no disposition to welcome missionary enterprise in their own field. Proposals to mitigate the penal discipline of the school were overruled as heretical, after a discussion in which one clerical humorist remarked: "We do hear of angels being punished, but not of their going up higher." Other differences arose. Miss Beale's Anglicanism proved profoundly alarming to Calvinistic Yorkshire; the restrained gravity of her manner and the cut of her dark nunlike dress were suspect no less than her unconcealed ardor for

reform. "Be firm but very gentle" was the counsel received from a wise father at this trying juncture; and perhaps his daughter paid most heed to the first part of it. Anyhow, the Casterton experiment ended abruptly, and in the closing days of 1857 she returned to London to digest her failure at leisure.

Her use of the interval which followed was exceedingly characteristic. A certain school-book convicted of some Romish taint had lately been pronounced unfit for young English minds. Dorothea Beale, with her quick practical instinct, perceived the educational gap, and, heartsick and anxious as she was, bent all her remarkable powers of concentration to the task of filling it, accomplishing her work on the bare floor of an attic, unfurnished and fireless, severities which the student welcomed as a convenient check to friendly intrusions. The result of her labors was published in August 1858, and probably Miss Beale's own subordinates were the first to make use of her "Text-book of History," for the same month saw her established at Cheltenham.

The Ladies' College had been founded five years before this time by a group of enlightened gentlemen inspired by the notion that it might be possible, without impairing the "modesty and gentleness of the female character," to cultivate within reasonable limits the female mind. It was to be tried, in short, whether angels might not be promoted as well as punished. So far the public had not met the venture with any great show of enthusiasm, and even the arrival of the new lady principal with her reputation for advanced ideas failed at first to revive the precarious fortunes of the school. Possibly her reputation was a doubtful asset, for the moral atmosphere of Cheltenham was no more genial to reform than that of other places. Those were still the days

when the word "college" in connection with girls was liable to be received with roars of laughter. Rich parents could not understand why their daughters should be educated. Some believed that girls would become like boys if they studied the same subjects. The introduction of Euclid would have been the death of the school. Scientific teaching slipped in unobserved under the name of physical geography. "This subject," Miss Beale remarks drily, was considered unobjectionable, "as few boys learned geography." Anxious mothers seemed to see the plano, the buttress of their own youth, decaying before their eyes. To appease them Miss Beale provided classes at which four pupils performed simultaneously the same piece on two pianos. Ungrateful for this concession, Cheltenham society took no notice of the new head-mistress, and the leaders of the religious world held aloof from what they regarded as a doubtful departure. Miss Beale, fortunately, was one of those who find opposition "an excellent tonic." She was young; her quiet ways concealed unlimited vigor and resolution; her appearance, slender, pale, smooth-browed, was charming, as a faded photograph of the time still testifies; and her manner and disposition, the School Council was pleased to declare, were such as to render it "pleasant to maintain frequent personal communication with her." Dorothea Beale wasted nothing, least of all experience, and memories of Casterton, painful as they were, proved of good service to her in her dealings with her large and not always manageable board. She was complimented upon her "wisdom in accepting adverse resolutions with equanimity," and naturally lost nothing by such wisdom, business, no doubt, getting itself accomplished more and more smoothly under a lady principal who accepted verbal defeat with calmness, her Council in return

sooner or later carrying out her desires. At all events, after the first desperate struggle for existence the school made rapid headway on the lines of advance laid down by herself, growing continually beyond its bounds, until it took final shape in the stately Gothic building, with its halls, classrooms, and laboratories, its boarding-houses, training college, auxiliary day school, sanatorium, kindergarten, and even—not altogether to the liking of Miss Beale, whose independent spirit scorned free education — its affiliated elementary school. New teachers in their leisure moments watched with fascination Miss Beale's masterly sway of her small kingdom. She possessed the qualification, not always found in good workers, of getting good work from others. To the educational purpose of which the college building formed, as it were, but a crude outward symbol she devoted every faculty of body, mind and soul, and of her staff she demanded no less. That some were unable to rise to the standard set before them is less surprising than the large response she obtained to her exalted ideal. Complaints were heard in some quarters that the school was Church-like. Dorothea Beale gloried in the reproach. In her view all knowledge was sacred, and she liked to think of the college as a spiritual building, a little community held by invisible bonds, the mystic in her looking beyond the practical ends of education to inspired ideals for "women and the race." It was the secret desire of her heart that from her work might one day rise a chosen body of women who should go forth in the world as a teaching order; and as in imagination she contemplated the labors of this intellectual sisterhood, who knows what visions of human progress—or, in her own language, of "soul evolution"—filled her thoughts? Obviously the atmosphere of a school under such a lady

principal—one had almost said under such a lady abbess—would be bracing, too bracing perhaps for some constitutions. Ten minutes' meditation on rising, "just to plume one's feathers for a few short flights from the earth," was the modest spiritual exercise privately recommended by Miss Beale; but as you follow the college routine you seem to be watching a succession of short flights from the earth. There were, for instance, literature classes, whose chief purpose was to convey high teaching on life and conduct. "Blessed are the pure in heart—poor Swift!"—that," said Miss Beale, recalling a dictum of her father's, "was the best literature lesson I ever received"; and her own lessons were given in the same spirit. Shakespeare's plays proved useful, for "knowledge of character" is so important to women. Dryden, Pope, and other distinguished exponents of inferior thought suffered, it is to be feared, considerable neglect; but no young lady left Cheltenham without a close acquaintance with the ethics of Browning. History, of course, abounded in moral illustrations, which were not impressed upon the pupils only, the college teachers on one occasion receiving a summons to hear the "truth" about Cranmer, time-serving, and cowardice. Then there were college plays, for which Miss Beale, who held that recreation should be purposeful too, demanded always something "really high" — "Griselda," "Britomart," or Tennyson's "Princess." There was a college magazine also, through which it was hoped members might "enrich each other" by interchange of thought. Unfortunately, no samples of the writing produced under such an impulse are given; but light breaks in cheerfully with a batch of letters on the subject from Ruskin, whose ruthless criticisms are tempered by affectionate respect and admiration for the magazine's editor. Clearly a

high-minded, highly educated lady, leading the public schools and the universities in the teaching of Euclid; instructing herself and others in languages and literatures, in science and philosophies, old and new; learning shorthand in her old age "as a diversion"; earning recognition from learned societies at home and abroad, gold medals from Paris, honors from America, from Durham University, from the University of London, an honorary LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh, and with it all ready, you conceive, at any moment to cast away all she knew and all she had gained for the salvage of one "moral truth." "Très Anglaise," writes a French student, "les Anglais l'avaient bien comprise."

Miss Beale's influence was of a singularly impersonal character. As a natural consequence of her indifference to things merely social she saw comparatively little of her teachers; some she hardly knew at all. Her shyness, again, stood as a partial barrier between herself and her students. It is likely also that, as a representative in a special sense of her own sex, so often accused of being too personal, she would be scrupulous to eliminate as far as might be the personal element from her work. But, still more, something in the very essence of her own nature forbade her to exercise powers not strictly to be justified by reason. Though she possessed in a high degree the mysterious quality called influence, she had, we are told, a peculiar dread of the word itself and all it stands for, and there is evidence, almost pathetic, of the pains she took to strip herself of her natural advantages. It is easy enough to capture the admiration of impulsive girls on the look-out for some object on which to expend superfluous feeling. Unauthorized excursions in this line received no encouragement from Miss Beale, and when we read in

her diary the confession, "yearned to be loved," there is something touching in her consistent refusal to compete with those who had an earlier claim on the affections of her students. Other reasons besides loyalty or shyness kept her from forming close ties with her college "children." Women, according to George Elliot, are in danger of living too exclusively by the affections. Miss Beale seems to have been deeply impressed by the danger. "Our friendship," she writes of a loved fellow-teacher, "never degenerated into any foolish or selfish attachment"; and she will often warn her friends against similar follies and selfishness. Naturally, one so jealous to preserve a fine personal liberty in the ordinary relationships of life will be no less fastidious in higher regions, and the paradox that, whilst she held her own faith with clear and passionate conviction, she was often claimed as an ally by those from whom she differed, is one of which it is easy to see the explanation.

The practical results of the campaign in which Miss Beale played so distinguished a part are matters of course to-day, though differences of opinion may still exist as to the precise value to be set upon them. Possibly in remote places some may still be found to regret the opening of new horizons and new careers to women, and their invasion of the universities and the pro-

The Cornhill Magazine.

fessions; or may deny that it was really necessary to destroy "misplaced female reverence for the learning of a passman." And these things were of but secondary importance to Miss Beale herself, whose ultimate goal was always character and moral development. The gain in this direction must remain a matter of conjecture and dispute. Miss Beale's friend and fellow-pioneer, Miss Buss, in moments of depression would complain that the girls of the last decade of her work were less easy to influence than those of the first. And Miss Beale, in her last public utterance, suggested the melancholy reflection that, after all that had been done to cultivate the feminine understanding, many women remained "not serious, not devoted." It would have been interesting to learn more from one who had witnessed changes "inconceivably great" and was well qualified to estimate their effect; but here, as elsewhere in this biography, curiosity is met by an impenetrable wall of reserve. Our final view is of a rather lonely sovereign, gradually hemmed in by the solid evidence of her triumph, until her own house loses sight altogether of the outer world and knows no other light and air than it derives from the corridors of the surrounding college. And Miss Beale, we are hardly surprised to hear, "preferred that it should be so."

Eleanor Cecil.

## THE ANGEL OF GLASS.

### PROEM.

*The Spirit of Progress, returning from a tour over the world, rested for a moment beside the Spirit of Unselfishness.*

"Where do you hide yourself?" he asked. "In my survey of civilization I scarcely heard the beating of your wings. It seems to me that as my kingdom expands, yours contracts. I have learned

now only to look for you at your special festival—the Feast of Noël."

*The Spirit of Unselfishness smiled. "My Kingdom is wider than you think; I have often been nearer to you than you imagined. Come with me, and I will show you that wherever men live and love every day may be for me a Feast of Noël."*

Benedetto sat in his shop, smoking the inevitable cigarette, reading the inevitable *Giornale*.

It was a little low-browed shop on the *fondamenta* which ran by the Grand Canal for a few hundred yards from the Rialto, whose marble span and fretted arches gleamed against a blue sky where gulls wheeled and fluttered. The water danced and sparkled, green in its shadows and reflections, and Benedetto looked on the scene with a smile of approval, as he had done every morning for the past thirty years.

"The good God inspired men to build many cities, but Venice is the flower of them all!" Thus Benedetto, who had scarcely, if ever, been even on the mainland. He looked around him.

On low-hanging shelves in the window, on shelves let into the wall behind him, stood his stock of Venetian glass—gleaming rainbow-tinted as bubbles in sunlight—flawed, it is true, for he only sold what had been rejected by the factories as not being absolutely perfect, but very beautiful for all that.

Quaintly-shaped, slender-stemmed—vase, goblet, bowl or beaker, with golden fantasy of twisted sea-horse, or clasping dragon for foot or handle—they glistened in the sunshine, or shone with a faint radiance from the wall in tones of the rose of dawn, the milky blue of opals, the clear green of water, the purity of crystal itself, exquisite, hyaline, prismatic. One perfect piece was there, throned on the centre shelf on a square of pink-veined marble. It was a crystal chalice, with stem and handles of twisted gold. It was not for sale—no! Benedetto put such a fabulous price upon it that the English and American customers laughed and shrugged their shoulders as they went away. He did not wish to sell it.

"I must have one perfect thing in

my shop," he used to say, "though few but I would know the others were imperfect. I am an artist—a poet—though I cannot express myself like the painting and singing *signori*. I keep an open mind too. *Già*, it does not take long for an idea to enter it! That is the philosophy of life, my young friend. Keep thy mind open, and offer hospitality to all new ideas." This piece of advice was addressed to Nicolo Dalzio, a youth from the *fabbrica*, who now entered carrying under his arm a basketful of little gaily colored liquor-glasses.

"But if they betray thy hospitality?" submitted Nicolo, a dark, slender boy with burning eyes.

"Then they are traitors and must be turned out instantly," answered Benedetto, taking the basket from him, and placing the liquor-glasses carefully in the window.

Benedetto was a mountain of a man, with fat hands, and two double chins; but he had a deftness of touch which a woman might have envied.

Nicolo pushed aside a great soft pile of the dried seaweed which Benedetto used for packing his delicate wares, and swung himself on to the counter. He rolled and lit a cigarette with nervous, trembling fingers.

"What if they will not go?" he said, half under his breath.

"Ah, that is where the true wisdom of life comes in. Thou must be stronger than the ideas. Me! I am a strong man—no idea could master me."

"Who can master a thought? It creeps in unawares and stings thee like a serpent before thou knowest it hath come."

"Zitto! Zitto! This is wild talk! What thought has mastered thee, amico?"

"The thought of murder," whispered Nicolo between his teeth. He looked with furtive eyes round the little shop,



as if the words had forced themselves out against his will, and he sought escape—heedless of the cigarette between his fingers until it burned them. "*Maladetto!* It burns like that!" he cried.

Benedetto, the philosopher, lifted his great bulk from the straw chair in which he sat behind the counter, and laid a compelling hand on the boy's shoulder.

"What burns, *Nicolo mio?* Tell me all."

Nicolo turned and fixed his eyes on the older man's face, pouring forth a torrent of passionate, incoherent words.

"It is *Giulietta!* I love her with a love that consumes me to the heart, that burns my nights and eats my days. If I do not get her I shall die soon. I know it. Look! I am wasting. I cannot eat, I cannot drink. My limbs tremble. The beating of my heart suffocates me when I see her. I am consumed as with a flame." He paused for breath.

"And she?"

He threw out his arms with a despairing gesture. "She? She is a child, and like all children knows no better than to play with fire. The smallest spark may light a furnace that many waters cannot quench. I do not understand women. Sometimes I think she despises me; sometimes I think she is not altogether indifferent. She laughs at me and mocks me, and then, when she thinks I am not looking, she glances out of the corner of her eye to see how I take it."

"What, then, of this foolish talk? Thou wouldst not murder her for that?"

"*Murder Giulietta?* I could kill thee, Benedetto, for the word. No; it is old Matteo, who has cast eyes of longing at her, and whom her mother—a bad one, that—wishes her to marry."

"But why? He is dry and withered as a sucked orange."

"He has money," said Nicolo gloomily. "And *Monna Rosa* would sell her grandmother to the devil for a *soldo.*"

"Softly, softly, *amico.* She is not as bad as that. Thou art young, and so is *Giulietta.* Wait a little. Fires burn out and wastings cease."

"With death, of a certainty."

"Enough of that," said Benedetto sternly. "It is well that the powers of life and death are in less foolish hands than thine. Thou dost not even know if *Giulietta* loves thee. Find that out first, and then I would advise thee to talk to Matteo. Reason with him calmly—tell him that youth must to youth—counsel him to take a maturer bride, and leave *Giulietta* to thee."

Nicolo's face cleared. "Philosophy is of some use, after all, though it be cold as marble. I will take thine advice, and tell thee the result. Thou hast a good heart, my philosopher."

He leaped off the counter and went to the door, but stopped on the threshold and turned back. Of a truth I had almost forgotten. These are the designs I promised thee." He took a roll of paper from his pocket and spread it out upon the counter.

Benedetto bent forward eagerly. "Ah, the designs for *Mariana's* angel," he said, a tender inflection creeping into his voice.

This was Benedetto's great ambition—to erect over the grave of his wife a wonderful marble tomb, crowned with a triumphing angel. For this he had saved and scraped; for this he had earned the reputation of having a closed hand with his *soldi*—but he did not care. He had neither child nor relative, and when the time came for him to join his *Mariana*, he would lie beside her under the marble monument, and the angel should watch over them both until the Day of Judgment.

The touch of twenty-five years had

healed his wound: Mariana was to him now but a sweet and tender memory, and the hope of saving for what he always called "Mariana's angel" gave a zest and meaning to his life.

Nicolo pointed out the beauties of each design with an artist's pride: one angel had arms outstretched, one hands uplifted; but the one which Benedetto preferred was blowing a challenging trumpet towards the sky. He hung entranced over it.

"This! this is Mariana's angel. This and no other. See thou, my little Nicolo, how much would this one cost?"

Nicolo considered. "If it were of white Carrara it could be done for—say four to five hundred *lire*."

Benedetto's face fell. "That is a sum," he returned gravely—"ma che, a sum! How is one to make it out of glass, a *soldo* here and a *soldo* there?" Then his lines relaxed, and he laughed. "*Per bacco*, 'tis a droll idea. An angel of glass! My Mariana's angel, though of best Carrara, to be made out of glass." His fat sides shook. "I am a man of humor—no?"

"Thou art a mountain of philosophy," said Nicolo, restored to temporary sanity, and folding up his paper.

"No, no. Leave it there, and let me feast my eyes upon my angel of glass. There is a new idea for thee, which flew at once into my open mind!"

Nicolo turned again to go. "I will reason with that withered leaf. I will not yet shake him from his tree of life. *Già*, thou seest I am a man of humor and ideas as well as another."

"The conceit of youth," murmured Benedetto as he went. "Where is the modesty that we were taught to practise?"

He put the drawings carefully away, and taking a cloth began to dust the crystal chalice, which in some subtle undefinable way he always associated with the dead Mariana. Perhaps it was an intangible linking of his one

perfect possession with what had been for five happy years the joy of his life, the very breath of his nostrils. He had never thought of filling her place: to honor her memory with a tomb that should be the envy and admiration of all Venice was ambition enough to pack his life with interest. No banks for him; he added *soldo* to *soldo* until he had enough to make one *lira*—*lira* to *lira* until they were transmutable to gold—gold piece to gold piece until the hoard, which he kept in one of Mariana's gaily striped stockings, now reached the respectable sum of nearly four hundred *lire*.

He burst into unmelodious song as he replaced the chalice on its pedestal, and dusted the green and ruby gold-splashed liquor-glasses. A shadow on the threshold made him look up.

"Ahà! it is thou, pretty one. Come in and give an account of thyself."

"What shall I say?" asked Glulietta, entering. She was a pretty girl of the usual Venetian type, with quantities of soft dark hair piled high on her head and fastened with big coral pins. Coral earrings swung in her ears, and a string of coral beads was twisted round her neck. On her arm she carried a basket filled with spicy carnations—pink, scarlet, and sulphur-yellow, whose challenging masses of color made the glimmering opalescence of the glass pale by contrast.

"That thy dark eyes shoot arrows which wound desperately," suggested Benedetto, who had a liking for the girl, because something about the turn of her head and the curve of her soft cheek reminded him of Mariana.

"*Già*, what wounding! A pin-prick?"

Benedetto shook his head. "First it is Nicolo—"

"That boy!"

"Thou hast turned him into a man, *carina*. Then old Matteo, dried fig that he is; and the saints know who else! Thou hast no heart!"

The girl laughed saucily, and tossed her head. "I have a heart, of a certainty, but it is a cabbage heart. I give a leaf to this one and a leaf to that one, but I keep the core for myself."

"And what of poor Nicolo?"

"I have no time to waste. I must hasten to the Piazza to sell my flowers to the *forestieri*."

She ran off laughing, but Benedetto noticed that she blushed at his words.

The little shop was filled with the warm scent of the carnations. The gay awnings on the other side of the canal threw bright reflections in the water, across which gondolas skimmed and set them quivering; fussy little steamers puffed from pier to pier.

A rustle of silk, and two English ladies entered the shop. The day's work had begun.

In the evening Benedetto took his straw chair and sat outside his door. The fires of sunset were fading in the sky, where a star or two now winked. In the green east hung a slender crescent moon. The water was still, except where the passing gondolas furrowed it into long glassy ripples. Bats fluttered, and from a distance came the sound of a bell striking the hour.

Benedetto felt soothed and happy. He would go presently to his favorite wine-shop for a glass of sour wine and a game of dominoes. Meanwhile, it was pleasant to sit there and hear the homely noises of the *fondamenta*—the tinkle and frizzle and clatter of his neighbors' suppers—the shrill laughter of children, the high humming of a mandoline.

Suddenly down the *fondamenta* came the sound of hurried steps heralding Nicolo.

"*Ohimè*, this love!" sighed Benedetto, when he saw the boy's white face and burning eyes. "What fortune, *amico*?"

"The worst of fortune," Nicolo cried, dashing his hat frantically upon

the ground. "I went to that old serpent. I reasoned with him. I was as mild as a babe newborn—oh, curse him! May the flesh wither on his bones! May his thin blood be turned to water! May——"

"*Zitto! Zitto!* Dost want the police to arrest thee as a brawler?"

Nicolo shook off his detaining hand. "Of a certainty——"

Benedetto shrugged his fat shoulders and rose with a resigned air. "If thou must, then, come inside. Pick up thy hat, bring in my chair. I do not want the bats to nest in it."

He led the way to a tiny room behind the shop, where he slept and ate his frugal meals.

"Now tell me all. How didst thou reason with Matteo? Didst call him a serpent, or a sucked orange? Be calm, be calm!"

"It is easy to philosophize over the troubles of others," cried Nicolo bitterly. "No, I did not begin by calling him names, but I ended that way. He knows now what one Venetian thinks of him, saints be praised. First I was soft as butter. I reasoned with him as gently as even thou couldst have done, Benedetto. I told him it was an iniquity to think that an ancient like himself, who ought to be making his soul, should contemplate marriage; that he would commit a sin in so doing, that Gulletta's mother was even worse than he to think of such a thing, that they were no better than slave-dealers of Constantinople—oh, I was calm and mild as an angel, I promise thee, though rage burned in my heart and my fingers trembled to be at his throat."

"Was he moved by thy gentle arguments, my Nicolo?"

"He laughed at me. He said his marriage was his own concern—curses light upon him like a flock of foul birds! Then I went in a madness; I know not what I did or said—save that I told him

what I thought of him—till I found myself outside his house with the door locked behind me. He has a strength, the old devil! It is all over, Benedetto. Either the canal for me, or a knife between the ribs for him."

Benedetto reflected for a moment. "A foolish alternative," he said at length.

He looked at the boy. Verily, for the moment the light of reason seemed to have fled from his eyes. It was useless to argue with him. "Tell me this. Thou earnest a fair wage? Thou couldst keep a wife?"

"As well as another," said Nicolo sullenly.

The fires of rage appeared to have burned themselves out, leaving behind a smouldering despair.

"Then I will go to Giulietta's mother and see what I can do." He looked for a brightening of the dark face, but none came. "Thou knowest, *amico*, that I am very persuasive. In all modesty I say that few can withstand me when I choose."

"An angel out of heaven could not change her now," said Nicolo gloomily. "Matteo is to give her two hundred lire on the wedding-day—not that there *will* be a wedding-day for him."

"Softly, softly. He must be rich as the Jews."

"He has been saving for years, while I—I have only enough to buy the sauce-pans."

"He who sleeps catches no fish," quoted Benedetto slowly. A new idea had flown to his open mind, but contrary to his creed he closed the doors against it. To his uneasy subconsciousness it seemed that he could hear the persistent beating of its wings.

"It is easy for the old to save," flashed Nicolo. "They have neither cat nor child. I spent my nest-egg on corals for Giulietta for the *festa*."

"The more fool thou!" grunted

Benedetto. His vigilance relaxing for a moment, the idea found a chink, and having effected an entrance proceeded to make itself quite at home. It became persuasive—finally irresistible. "It is a mistake to be a man of good heart and overflowing kindness," he burst out suddenly. "It is a misfortune to have brains and a ready application. It is a veritable calamity to possess the power of putting two and two together without owning that fertility in argument which would persuade one that they made five!"

"Eh?" queried Nicolo stupidly. He did not know what to make of this outburst.

"Go thy ways, *amico*," said Benedetto, calming suddenly. "I will see Rosa Marioni. I am in the vein to-night. I feel that I could argue five feet on a cat! Go home and sleep. The sun will shine again to-morrow."

"The moments go with leaden stockings," said Nicolo. "Sleep has forsaken me these many nights. I will walk till I am wearied out."

"That would be well. Leave me now, *amico*. I must prepare my—arguments." A wry smile twisted his lips, but it was too dark for Nicolo to notice.

Half an hour later Benedetto, with his cloak flung over his shoulder, knocked at the door of the room where Giulietta and her mother lived. It was in a high house in the Calle Agnese, close and stuffy to-night.

He entered to a hurried *avanti!* from within. Rosa Marioni had once been beautiful, but her face was lined and avaricious now.

"What brings thee, Benedetto?" she asked, after a greeting. "There are two Sundays in a week when thou comest hither."

Benedetto still panted from the ascent.

"A man of weight like me cannot mount thy stairs often, Monna Rosa. I should say it is for the pleasure of

thy conversation I came here, but I am no courtier. The saints know I am a modest man, and realize my limitations. I will not linger by the doorstep, but go straight to the well. I came to speak to thee of the marriage of thy daughter *Giulietta* with—"

"With *Matteo Abranti*."

"Not so—with *Nicolo Dalzio*."

*Monna Rosa* shook her head and smiled. "The clever *Benedetto* has been misinformed," she said. "There is no mention of that foolish young *Nicolo*. *Giulietta* is betrothed to a man of riper years—"

"And longer purse," put in *Benedetto* slyly.

"That may well be," said *Monna Rosa*, casting a shrewd glance at him.

"The girl's heart is not in it. I think she loves *Nicolo*."

"A fig for love! What has that to do with it? In a year's time it is all the same to a girl what husband she has. Why not one as well as another?"

"Why not, indeed, if the one be *Nicolo*?"

"Or the other *Matteo*."

The lamp smoked. *Monna Rosa* leant over to turn it down.

All at once the room became intolerable to *Benedetto*; the mingled fumes of oil and garlic, with which the place reeked, almost stifled him. He longed to end the affair and be gone.

"Youth should go to youth," he said—"to maturity the mature."

*Monna Rosa* shot a sly look at him. "Art thou coming wooing on thine own behalf, *Benedetto*?"

He rose, alarmed, and moved backwards. Not even to save *Giulietta* from bondage, and *Nicolo* from the double sin of murder and suicide, could he do this thing.

"I had no thought of myself, I assure thee," he said hastily. "It is for two children who love and would wed that I plead."

"Thou carriest water to the sea,

then," answered *Rosa* firmly. "Nothing can change my mind."

"*Nothing*?" he queried softly.

She looked at him, hesitated, opened her lips as if to speak, and closed them again. His soul sickened at the flame of greed which lit up her dark eyes.

"*Matteo* used a golden argument to persuade thee—no?"

*Monna Rosa* looked down at the fringe of her shawl and played with it. "Times are hard and I am poor. Three hundred *lire* is three hundred *lire*."

"Thou liest. I know of a truth *Matteo* only offered two hundred."

"And canst thou better it?" she cried, looking up eagerly and unashamed.

"I will give thee three hundred *lire* on the day *Nicolo* marries *Giulietta*."

She shook her head. "That will not do. I must have it now. How do I know what would happen?"

"Can I trust thee?"

"I will swear on the crucifix—I will sign a paper. I will give thee what guarantee thou desirest." She guessed that he must have brought the money with him, and she would have promised anything rather than that it should escape her grasp. "Give it to me now—now, that I may feast my eyes upon the good gold before I sleep."

*Benedetto* produced a paper which he had prepared. With trembling hands she brought forth a battered ink-bottle and rusty pen, and signed a laborious "*Rosa Marioni*." Then from beneath his cloak *Benedetto* drew a gally-striped stocking filled to bulging, and gravely counted out the sum he had promised. Only the little foot of the stocking was full when he had finished. He tied a knot in it and returned it to his pocket. At the door he looked back. *Monna Rosa* was on her knees by the table, touching, clasping, gloat-ing over the piles of money. He hastened away.

The cool night air was sweet as a

caress, but his heart was heavy. The cherished dream of his life had vanished. Mariana's angel had melted as mist before the sun. He felt twenty years older.

He touched the stocking in his pocket and patted it.

"It is as thou wouldst have wished, beloved, but *ohimé*, it was hard to barter thine angel to that daughter of Judas!" he murmured. "I will keep some for masses for my soul, and give the rest to those children to buy pots and pans with."

He came to his shop. In all the agitation of the evening he had forgotten to put up the shutters, and the rays of the lamp outside fell full upon the crystal chalice, touching its twisted gold handles to a pale radiance. There was a subdued gleam and shimmer from the shelves where the glass goblets and vases caught the light.

He unlocked the door and entered. A sudden thought struck him.

With reverent touch he took the chalice down and placed it on the counter; then from a fat rush-covered flagon of Chianti he poured a brimming measure into it. The lamplight struck ruby sparkles from the wine as he held the cup aloft.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

"It is well to be a philosopher: see, my hand does not tremble," he said to himself—the slow tears of age flowing unheeded down his cheeks.

"I drink to thee, Mariana *mia*. I drink to the only monument I can give thee. Better a little warm human happiness than the most magnificent tomb of cold marble. Repose to thy soul, my best beloved, and may we soon be together again!"

He drank, drained the chalice, and shattered it against the counter.

Then, with a touch of prose, he swept the gold and crystalline fragments into the *Giornale* which he had been reading that morning, and went with them to the water's edge.

He paused for a moment. It was very still: no sound but the lapping of the water at his feet; no stir but the gliding of gondolas, whose lamps gleamed like yellow fireflies through the velvet dusk. He shook the shivered remnants into the canal in a little sparkling shower.

A curious neighbor, passing, tapped him upon the shoulder and asked him what he did.

"I am burying an angel, *amico*," Benedetto returned, with an odd little laugh—"an angel of glass!"

Rachel Swete Macnamara.

## THE NEW REIGN IN CHINA.

The great change involved in the death of the puppet Emperor of China, and of the masterful Dowager Empress has passed off quietly, and there is every ground for the belief that neither revolution nor reaction will ensue. The succession has gone back to the rightful line; and though there is another long regency in prospect, it is a great gain that the rule of an erratic, fierce, and tyrannical woman should be replaced by that of a moderate and liberal man. Prince Chun is credited with

a more kindly temperament and a more calculable and less impulsive character than the late Empress, and he is said to have a certain degree of knowledge of, and liking for, the civilization of the West. His rule, aided by the strong hand and able intellect of Yuan-Shih-Kai, who has given abundant proofs of administrative competence and reforming tendencies, should prevent acute outbursts of reaction and secure advance at a safe, if moderate, speed. It is a strong point in favor of the main-



tenance of order that the valedictory edict of the dead Emperor should have ratified the promise of a Constitution, which was solemnly made in 1906, and fixed a date, nine years hence, for its fulfilment. On the whole, indeed, the existence of a regency is a gain. Government by a strong and enlightened ruler has its merits, especially in the East. But it is impracticable in the case of an alien dynasty ruling over a country of vast size, with 430,000,000 subjects exhibiting wide differences in character, in intelligence, and in speech. Government by a syndicate, especially when some of the members are conspicuously intelligent and progressive, is infinitely better than Government by a secluded autocrat and reputed demigod, exposed not only to the contending influences or rival courtiers, but to the corruptions of the Palace life of the East. As things are, there is even a prospect that the Palace may be purged of its worst elements, and that the millions of treasure stored in it may come into fruitful employment; the reactionaries are quieted by the formal sanction given, in the most orthodox and forcible manner, to the new spirit, and to its outcome in practical reform; and the new nationalism, which is now not hostile to Western ideas, but slowly assimilating them, seems likely to act merely as a needful brake.

Since the war with Japan, China has been in transition, and has gradually progressed towards the acceptance of Western ideas. Unexpected zeal has been shown for European science and learning; and if they have been sought in too narrow a spirit—for their practical value rather than for their service as mental discipline, they have not yet made for revolution, as in Egypt, or for disintegration and reaction together, as seems to be their effect in India. Nor, since the Boxer episode, have they provoked acute resistance. The memory

of that crisis and its ultimate solution is not pleasant for Europe, but the lesson taught to the Chinese is not likely to require repetition. At present, though the progress is slow, its signs, as interpreted by skilled observers like Sir Robert Hart, seem to indicate that it is sure. The provinces are gradually submitting to greater centralization, and there is even a central army. The Chinese Government has made sincere and honest efforts to get rid of opium-smoking, not merely, as was formerly suspected, to protect native industry by preventing the importation of the drug. The people has overcome its superstitious objections to railways, and the younger members of its better classes are eager to hasten progress at home, while seeking the new learning in Japan, America and Europe. Much can be done to help the intellectual transition, both by the European missionaries and by foreign assistance of a more secular kind; and the proposed University at Hongkong may yet be for a re-generated China what Robert College at Constantinople has been to the adolescence of Bulgaria. Ten years ago it was commonly believed that China would be gradually partitioned among the European Powers and the United States. That danger is now past; and so is the danger of the exploitation of the country and the people, even by Russia or Japan.

It is true that the progress, being strictly on Chinese lines, occasionally takes curious forms. Attention has been called in these columns to the "rights recovery policy" applied for the last three years to railway and mining concessions, and to the doubts entertained whether the Chinese are yet competent to carry out and manage the schemes. They have got back all the more recent concessions, and there are occasional indications that they are trying to oust, or to overbear, foreign management, both on some of the ear-

lier railways and in the Customs service. The whole recent railway policy of China is to dissociate the capital borrowed for the newer undertakings from control of their management. The latest railway loans are not secured on the railway itself, but on the provincial revenues. Chinese ways, like those of the Egyptians as described by Herodotus, are usually the reverse of those of other nations; and this railway policy just reverses that of several Spanish-American States, where the national debt, or part of it, has been converted into a definite charge on a particular railway or on a State monopoly under foreign management, thereby affording a much better security than the promise of an unstable Government. Still, Chinese ethics, though peculiar in some respects, are exceptionally stringent in all matters of commercial obligation; the Chinese commercial instinct is highly developed, and the national pride is acute. So far as investors are concerned, therefore, the "rights recovery policy" need not cause serious apprehension. Jealousy of foreign enterprise is common in most countries, and even in Central Europe British undertakings have been bought out and transferred to native hands. China presents a boundless field for European capital.

*The Economist.*

and we think investors are justified in their confidence in Chinese good faith.

The two dangers on the horizon are trouble with foreigners and internal revolution. The spirit manifested in the "rights recovery" movement may conceivably lead to trouble with the owners of the French or German railways, conceded before that movement began; and both Governments, especially that of Germany, are rather too fond of connecting trade with "the flag." There may be difficulties on the Franco-Chinese frontier, or suspicions, like those which led to the seizure last spring of the *Tatsu Maru*, that revolutionists are being aided from Tongking or Japan; and, with China as loosely organized as at present, local disorders are at least as likely as in South America. A still graver danger is that of an anti-dynastic movement, of which there is an ominous sign in the protest against Manchu rule just made by the Chinese community in Burma. The Manchu element in the new central army is small, and its percentage in the population trifling. But the best security against such an upheaval lies in the sound government promised by the new régime. Should it come, there is not that prospect of Russian or Japanese interference that existed nine years ago.

---

### THE NEW DEFINITION OF NAVAL POWER.

The Prime Minister will not, we think, complain that a large body of Liberal members of Parliament should ask him to explain the reasons of the theory of naval strength to which he appears to have committed himself in his reply to Mr. Arthur Lee. Mr. Lee, it will be remembered, asked the Government whether it accepted the two-Power standard as meaning our preponderance in capital ships over the

two next strongest naval Powers. Mr. Asquith replied in the affirmative. The meaning which Mr. Lee attached to his formula is not open to question. In the debate in March last on Mr. Murray Macdonald's motion, he insisted that our shipbuilding must have regard simply to the material strength of other Powers on the ground that "every Power, however friendly for the moment, must be reckoned as a potential

enemy." Hitherto, however, it has not been the practice of Liberal Ministers to rely on purely arithmetical calculations of strength. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman refused to do so in 1907, when he declared that it would be absurd for us to build against strong naval Powers with which we were in alliance. Mr. Asquith took the same line when, in March of this year, he declared as Chancellor of the Exchequer that "the standard we have to maintain is one which would give us complete and absolute command of the sea against any reasonably possible combination of Powers." And, a few days later, Lord Tweedmouth, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was presented by Lord Cawdor with this same notion of building against the two strongest Powers, and rejected it. He preferred, he said, to base the two-Power standard on "any reasonable and probable combination." The same language, we observe, was used on Thursday night by Sir Edward Grey.

Here, therefore, would seem to be a real distinction of policy, based on a different interpretation of facts. For example, the old Bannerman-Asquith formula would certainly exclude a German-American combination. The Cawdor-Lee formula must as certainly include it. The earlier Liberal reading of the two-Power standard would not call upon us to build against Japan and France in combination, or Germany and France, or Japan and Germany, in union. In fact, and in view of the course of European politics as modified both by Liberal and Conservative statesmanship, it would merely bind us to keep well ahead of the German navy and of any inferior naval Power, such as Austria or Italy, which might be drawn by her into an anti-British alliance. Such a course was measurable, fairly definable, and consistent with some degree of success for the great Liberal aim of a common reduc-

tion of armaments. On the other hand, the Lee formula binds this country not merely to an absurd mental re-arrangement of the map of world-power, but to a boundless extravagance in armaments, in which we must always have an enormous lead, thus forcing the pace for ourselves and exposing every British tender of disarmament to an overwhelming retort, while we commit our people to a practical doubling of the sea-power of the richest and most formidable nation in the world, with a population twice as large as our own. In a word, this unhappy form of words, first framed to meet a not impossible, or even improbable, union of France and Russia, is now being used to pile burdens on our shoulders and those of our neighbors at a time when the disposition of those Powers towards us has completely altered, and when a new European situation, incomparably more favorable to ourselves, has arisen in its stead. It is even employed to drag us into competition with America, when the diplomacy of the two countries has completely altered the disposition of the British fleets, when we profess to have ruled America out of the possible range of war, and when, as we know, American shipbuilding, serious as it is, does not carry even a remote reference to ourselves.

It seems necessary, therefore, to ask for explanations, and we hope they will be forthcoming. We are not thinking alone of the shipbuilding programme for this and the coming year. That, indeed, must undergo extension if the hardening of the formula of the two-Power standard is more than a verbal slip. But the whole political position seems to us to have had a disquieting shift. The common calculation in the "Naval Annual" of anti-British strengths is precisely that combination of Germany and the United States to which the Prime Minister's adoption of the Lee formula, on the face of it,

seems to apply. For this year America stepped into the position of second Naval Power, with Germany close behind, and likely to overtake her. Against the two fleets the authorities now assure us that we have a superiority of three "capital" or battle ships. But three years hence we shall be slightly behind these "two next strongest Powers." Are we, or are we not, to add these two Powers together, one of which is probably building against the other? And supposing they construct seven "Dreadnoughts," and complements, are we, irrespective of the political aims of these Powers, and of their relations to us, to lay down eight or nine?

The Government which has to answer this not unimportant question may be a Conservative or a Liberal Administration. If it is Conservative, its answer is not doubtful; if it is Liberal, the pressure from naval and Conservative sources to fulfil the letter of Mr. Asquith's declaration will be tremendous. Under the earlier interpretation of the two-Power standard, we could always put something to the credit of diplomacy, and the moral force and the wisdom of our statesmanship could be relied on to have an immediate reaction on armaments, and therefore on taxation. But if only the arithmetical table avails, and the strength of British fleets depends on the doing of a sum in simple addition, diplomacy merely plays a set of meaningless games, while reality rests alone with the hammers of our shipwrights and the incessant call of our tax-gatherers. Even on this ground the calculation seems to us a thoughtless and shallow affair. What are "capital"

*The Nation.*

ships? And how can these vessels, when they are duly tabulated, be pitted against each other in these rigid mathematical proportions? What "percentage" are we to set aside for character, discipline, seamanship, engineering, gunnery, the disposition, availability, and handling of ships, the skill of admirals and officers, the character of a conflict, the spirit in which one nation or another enters upon it, its material resources and financial reserves? The old formula, in its "rough and ready" shape, was a poor enough equivalent for the many moral or semi-moral calculations that enter into warfare. What does this new turn of words represent more than the exaggerated fears and the political ignorance and scepticism of our "experts"? Was it even presented to the Government with any sincerity of aim? We doubt it. Certainly its reaction on the political situation, the value to the Protectionist Party of having a Liberal formula as to the Navy which may be used to cover a recourse to duties on foreign goods, is clear enough. The "Daily Chronicle" talks lightly of a twenty millions deficit next year as a consequence of an addition of five or six millions to the naval budget. How is Mr. Lloyd George to find this sum in a single year? He may answer with justice that he will go to the classes who have demanded a larger Navy. A Protectionist Chancellor will have no such recourse; he will bind his burdens on the mass of the people, and we are afraid he will find his excuses in the formula to which apparent, but not, we hope, substantial assent was given on Thursday week.

## DISCURSIONS.

## THE LETTER.

*Scene*—The Library of a Country House, as before. Time, 6.45 P.M. He has just come in from shooting and is alone in the room. After warming himself at the fire he approaches his writing-table. He takes up an addressed envelope containing a letter.

*He (to himself, in surprise and indignation).* Well, I'm dashed. She's forgotten to take the letter. That finishes any chance of getting a game with Tom Hargraves on Saturday. However, I've got her this time. *(A step is heard approaching the door.)* Here she is. I'll play cunning. *(He pockets the letter.)*

*(She enters all smiles.)*

*She.* Oh, you're back, are you? Had a good day?

*He.* Not so bad. Thirty-eight brace and a few hares and rabbits. I've brought home three brace.

*She.* Yes, I saw them in the hall.

*He.* Then you must have known I was back.

*She.* Yes, I half guessed that my very own had returned.

*He.* Then why did you say, "Oh, you're back, are you?"

*She.* Why shouldn't I?

*He.* Well, if you knew—

*She.* I didn't say I knew. I said I half guessed. And then when I saw you—no, I mean when I beheld the splendor of your face—is that Tennyson or you, Charles?—anyhow, when I came into the room and found you there safe and sound I was too agitated to guess the other half, and I just asked you so as to make sure. See? And there's one more thing I'm going to say—Charles, I *will* say it; you can't stop me—and it's this: It isn't at all nice of you to lay really clever traps like that for a poor weak woman. No, it isn't nice.

*He.* Well, but—

*She.* Not another word. You've been a monster.

*He.* But—

*She.* Yes, you've behaved like a monster, a male monster in horrible gaiters and great muddy hobnailed boots; and you've behaved like that to a poor woman whose only fault—*(She affects to break down, turns her head away and dabs her eyes with a handkerchief.)*

*He (with a pounce).* That's one of my handkerchiefs.

*She (still dabbing).* Is it?

*He.* Haven't you got any of your own?

*She (to the ceiling).* Listen to him. Here's a man who's simply rolling in handkerchiefs, and he grudges me one of all his thousands, *(To him.)* Charles, have I been mistaken in you all these years? *(With a swift change.)* Now let's talk of something else.

*He.* By the way, I suppose you took that letter?

*She (blankly).* Letter? What letter?

*He.* The letter I wrote to Tom Hargraves, asking him to play golf on Saturday. You said you were going that way in the pony-trap and you'd drop it at the house.

*She (evasively).* Oh, *that* letter. I—

*He (warning to his work).* Yes, it was most important he should have it, because he said if he didn't hear from me he'd take on Harry Collingwood.

*She.* Yes, yes, I remember; you told me all about it.

*He (inexorably).* Of course you took it.

*She (after a furtive look at the writing-table).* Well, it isn't where you left it. Is it?

*He.* No, it isn't.

*She.* Well, then I suppose somebody *must* have taken it.

*He.* I agree.

*She.* Why not imagine it was me—sorry, Charles—I mean, why not imagine it was I?

*He (producing the letter from his pocket and handing it to her).* Because here it is.

*She (inspecting it).* So it is. What a queer thing. Do men often do that, Charles?

*He.* Do what?

*She (gaily).* Ask their wives to deliver a letter and then carry it off in their own pockets?

*He.* I didn't.

*She.* Charles, how can you? I saw you with my own eyes take it out a moment ago.

*He.* But I found it on the table here when I came in.

*She.* Now, Charles, that's really naughty. You *know* you've been carrying it about with you all day long. You really mustn't be such a funny forgetful bear any more.

*He (in despair).* Then you admit you didn't take it.

*She (calmly).* Admit it? I never dreamt of denying it. How could I take it when you'd got it tucked away in your dear old pocket. *(She looks at the envelope.)* Such a nicely written ad-

Punch.

dress too. *(Reads.)* "T. Hargraves, Esquire, The Larches, Breedon Hollow, Bucks." It's all quite complete. But I'm not sure I like the way you make your B's, Charles. They're too like R's. Now I always say—

*He.* You've spoilt my Saturday.

*She.* No, Charles, I don't say that—never dreamt of it.

*He (persisting).* But you *have* spoilt it.

*She.* How?

*He.* By not taking the letter. Tom told me he'd take Harry Collingwood on if he didn't hear from me this morning.

*She.* Did he? Well he told me that he couldn't play on Saturday, anyhow, because he'd got to go to London.

*He (tumbling off his perch).* He told you that? When?

*She.* This morning, just after you'd gone. He came on his bicycle.

*He.* Why didn't you tell me?

*She.* I have told you.

*He.* But—

*She.* Never mind your old golf. You'll be able to take baby out in his perambulator.

*(Curtain.)*

## A TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE.

It is strange that the most practical system of communication—the telephone—which conveys the actual human voice, has until lately had only a limited sphere of action. It must certainly be admitted that since the time of the Italian Meucci and the Americans Graham, Bell and Elisha Gray, who claim to have been the pioneers of the telephonic system, great progress has been made. The telephone was at first only in use in towns for short distances, now it stretches from town to town and is every day putting out

fresh feelers. Telephony for long distances presents, however, serious technical difficulties which are at present engaging the time and thought of many electricians and scientists, students of the vast subject of tele-communication.

It might be thought that in order to effect communication over long distances it would only be necessary to manufacture apparatus of greater sensitiveness and power. This is however far from being the case, as it has been discovered that the solution of the problem lies not so much in the



perfection of the apparatus as in certain other conditions which are of far greater importance. A submarine cable, a telegraphic line, or for the matter of that a telephonic line, constitutes what is technically called a "capacity" in which the electric energy accumulates. When this "capacity" acquires a certain volume, as is the case with conductors over long distances, the static electrical energy which accumulates in it no longer responds instantaneously to the modification of the currents produced by the human voice, the result being that only confused and incomprehensible sounds are received. This phenomenon is even more pronounced when telephonic messages are sent under water. This is the chief and only reason why telephonic communication above ground has hitherto been impossible at very long distances, and why it has not been found practicable to apply it to more than a distance of about sixty miles under water. To obviate this difficulty created by distance, it is necessary at present greatly to enlarge the sections of the conductors in the great international lines, where they measure nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter. This is the case with the telephonic line between Paris and Rome, reaching nearly a thousand miles, which, taking into consideration the thickness of the wire, is the longest distance possible. When dealing with lines under water, it is necessary instead to enlarge the insulating casing of the wire. All these remedies are however only palliative, and, as may be imagined, very expensive, and something better is wanted before our

The Outlook.

dream of telephoning across the seas can be realized.

The question has, by reason of its importance, attracted the attention of not a few of the most noted electrical scientists, such as Heaviside, Vaschy, S. P. Thomson, and the great Kelvin, who has rightly been called the father of trans-oceanic telegraphy. Many experiments have been made during the last fifteen years, but without much practical result, and one by one ideas have been given up for fresh ones. Lately, however, success has been attained by Yeatman, Roeber, and by the American, Pupin. The latter has succeeded, after a long series of experiments and by dint of much research, in manufacturing a cable which appears to remedy every defect. The invention is said to have been bought by the well-known German electrical firm of Siemens and Halske for quite a fabulous sum. The experiments made with the new invention have exceeded all expectations and it has been put into practical use for short distances as, for instance, the telephone across the Lake of Constance, that from Berlin to Potsdam, etc. The Siemens-Halske firm are now perfecting a practical system for the construction and laying of long-distance telephonic submarine cables. So we may expect in the near future that a Londoner, without leaving his house, will be able to carry on a conversation with a person, say, in New York, and to the question which has so often been put, "Is the trans-oceanic telephone possible?" an answer in the affirmative may now confidently be given.

*F. Savorgnan di Brazza.*

## SINGING STARS.

"What sawest thou Orion, thou hunter of the star-lands,  
On that night star-sown and azure when thou cam'st in  
splendor sweeping,  
And amid thy starry brethren from the near lands and the  
far lands  
All the night above a stable on the earth thy watch wert  
keeping?"

"Oh, I saw the stable surely, and the young Child and the  
Mother,  
And the placid beasts still gazing with their mild eyes full  
of loving,  
And I saw the trembling radiance of the Star, my lordliest  
brother,  
Light the earth and all the heavens as he kept his guard  
unmoving.

"There were kings that came from Eastward with their Ivory,  
spice and sendal,  
With gold fillets in their dark hair, and gold brodered robes  
and stately,  
And the shepherds gazing starward, over yonder hill did wend  
all,  
And the silly sheep went meekly, and the wise dog marvelled  
greatly.

"Oh, we knew, we stars, the stable held our King, His glory  
shaded,  
That His baby hands were poising all the spheres and con-  
stellations;  
Berenice shook her hair down like a shower of star-dust  
braided,  
And Arcturus, pale as silver, bent his brows in adorations.

"The stars sang together, sang their love-songs with the  
angels,  
With the Cherubim and Seraphim their shrilly trumpets  
blended.  
They have never sung together since that night of great  
evangels,  
And the young Child in the manger, and the time of bondage  
ended."

*Katharine Tynan.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Houghton Mifflin Co. publish Mr. William S. Bigelow's lecture on "Buddhism and Immortality" which was delivered this year on the extremely elastic Ingersoll foundation at Harvard University. It presents a succinct and on the whole clear outline of the view of Buddhism touching the great question of human immortality.

One of the most noteworthy additions to Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a new translation of Goethe's *Faust*, the work of Mr. A. G. Latham, who accompanies it with an Introduction, and supplements it with adequate notes. The translation is facile and fluent, and true alike to the spirit and the letter of the original. The lyrical parts are especially good.

Mr. Albert Kinross's "*Joan of Garrioch*" is a detective story with the detectives omitted, the hero supplying their place, and very narrowly escaping the occupancy of that of victim to the villain, who proves to be a villain only because he also is a lover. Joan and the husband to whom she sells herself to save the mercantile honor of her family apparently vanish from the face of the earth, and the search which her betrothed lover makes for her when he returns from the South African war takes him to the Baltic Provinces where he sees a side of Russian affairs strange to Europeans and to Americans. The savage nature of the peasant and the courage of the Germano-Russian noble are strikingly set forth, and also the unscrupulousness of the true Slav. This is one of the best of the recent Russian novels written by Englishmen, perhaps the best taking into account the originality of its scene. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. James Oliver Curwood has chosen the forgotten Mormon settlement on Beaver Island, Lake Michigan, as the scene of his "*The Courage of Captain Plum*" and has indulged himself in no small quantity of melodramatic adventure while justifying the title. His vessel is robbed by Mormon pirates, and in seeking redress he encounters the Mormon "King," Strang, the typical priestly autocrat of fiction with myrmidons, as unscrupulous and as blood thirsty an assemblage as any heathen land could produce. Assisted by a disaffected member of the "King's" council, he carries off a girl intended to be the monarch's bride, and has the general good luck of the old-fashioned hero. The belligerent passages are very well done, and also the description of the death prepared for traitors to the king, and although the love story is less successful, the story deserves attention on account of the novelty of its scene. Bobbs, Merrill Co.

Ruskin's "*The Crown of Wild Olives*" and "*Cestus of Aglala*"; Emerson's "*Nature*," "*The Conduct of Life*" and other essays; Hazlitt's delightful "*Table Talk*"; Matthew Arnold's "*Poems*," including those written between 1840 and 1866 together with "*Thyrsis*," which was published in 1867; Charlotte M. Yonge's "*The Book of Golden Deeds*," a volume of perennial inspiration for young readers, ranging, as it does, over nearly three thousand years in its quest for heroic and self-sacrificing acts; Ville-Hardouin's and DeJoinville's "*Chronicles of the Crusades*"; the fifth and sixth volumes of Richard Hakluyt's quaint and stirring history of "*The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation*"

made by sea or overland to the remote and farthest distant quarters of the earth; Kinglake's "Eothen"; and Burke's "Speeches and Letters on American Affairs" are included among the latest volumes in Everyman's Library. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Man from Home," the play by Mr. Booth Tarkington and Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, performed for a year in Chicago, and some months in New York, is now published as a book, and will be found highly amusing by any one in search of attacks on the mercenary Englishman in search of a wife, provided he is able to believe that the West still produces the sort of American who embodies all the national virtues and is capable of washing himself in a public street. Types only reasonable on the stage always seem overdrawn when presented through the medium of a book, and it is necessary when judging this printed play to note that the exaggerations are fairly well balanced, and that there is no inconsistency of conduct to be detected in the personages. The great truth that a Missouri person must be "shown," first enunciated by Miss Robins, is many times repeated in this story and "sand in his gear box" is suggested as a substitute for "wheels in his head," the modern version of "a bee in his bonnet." Harper & Brothers.

In his time, Mr. John Graham Brooks has castigated such of his erring countrymen as needed reproof for gross sins in politics, finance or manners, and he has no sensitiveness in regard to those criticisms from foreigners which he has collected in "As Others See Us." Captain Basil Hall, Captain Marryat, Dickens, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Martineau, cannot wound him, and De Tocqueville and Mr. Bryce do not make him convicted; he takes all as the wise man takes personal criticism, as an aid to

self improvement. For home grown lucrative rant and foolishness he has no mercy and feels no call to kneel at the confessionals of Mr. Sinclair or Mr. London, but to such well-meaning foreigners as err from innocence he is civil, and in these particulars he differs most agreeably from many ostentatiously "American" writers. In his closing chapter, "Signs of Progress," he boldly sets forth the subtle but undeniable indications that the American grows more punctiliously honest both in private affairs and in public business, and that the number of profitable crimes of individuals and corporations against the state, and of corporations against the individual steadily diminishes. The Macmillan Co.

A professor, a banker, and a gentleman of leisure are the three persons who join in the discussion forming Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's latest book, "Justice and Liberty." The usefulness of the form is doubtful, and it is to be feared that it will repel some readers, but it is to be noted that it is the professor who has the last serious word, and that it is confident and hopeful. The book advances a scheme by which the world might be changed, it expresses confidence in the little flame of idealism and love that flickers in so many movements, and so many bodies of men, and it protests against considering the present conditions under which society exists as immutable principles. Inasmuch as the author is master both of the art of logical statement, and of the art of condensation, this is a most inadequate attempt to place some of his results before the reader, but those who are accustomed to speak regretfully of the days when there were giants will do well to compare this book with Mill on Liberty. They may, perhaps, perceive that this is the day of giants. Mr. Dickinson is to deliver the next Ingersoll lecture at

Harvard, and reading this book will constitute a fair introduction to his method of thought and argument. The McClure Co.

From sources old and new, from writers well known and little known Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson has drawn the material for a most interesting anthology, "Poems of American History," which fills seven hundred two-column pages. He has grouped this material in five general divisions: The Colonial Period; The Revolution; The Period of Growth; The Civil War; and The Period of Expansion. These general divisions are sub-divided into chapters of convenient length. Not all of these poems are poems, in the highest sense, and not all of them are veritable history; nor allowance must be made, on the one hand, for the literary ineptitude of contemporary narrators and ballad writers, and on the other hand, for the imagination of later writers who sacrificed something of historical veritude to the exigencies of verse. But, taken together, they supplement admirably the formal work of the historian and may well be read by students, young or old, in connection with histories of the several periods. The compiler has also rendered a service to the reader by stringing the poems upon a slender thread of historical narrative. This is modestly printed in small type, and is sufficient to give the poems a setting and a certain continuity. Altogether, we have here a happy idea happily executed. The Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Mongols in Russia," the companion volume of the late Jeremiah Curtin's "The Mongols," was finished and had undergone its last revision some little time before its author's death, and, in reading it, there is none of the melancholy dissatisfaction caused by a work left incomplete. Mr.

Curtin spared no pains in perfecting his work, making many journeys to Russia while engaged upon it, and collecting material from original sources. Nearly half the book is occupied by the history of Russia prior to the Mongol invasion, some acquaintance with the troubles of the country being necessary to account for the success of the hostile horde. The latter part of the volume is one long record of turbulence, hitherto unwritten in English, and in every way horrible to read. A modern war, in spite of the higher potency of weapons, is peace itself compared to those which the Mongols waged continuously, and between battles the individual Mongol freely assassinated his private enemies. Nevertheless, there are certain Russian provinces, certain towns which cannot be understood without knowledge of the Mongol occupation, and the whole empire cannot be understood until one perceives how widely varying are its people. The book is necessary in all reference libraries and all future historians of Russia will profit by its author's labors. Little, Brown & Co.

It is the unkind habit of Mr. W. H. Mallock to seize upon a novelty in the material for fiction, and to use it so supremely well that it is henceforth valueless to weaker writers, and his new book, "An Immortal Soul," is an example of his proclivity. The heroine, the "immortal soul," is apparently beyond the reach of church or of science, having two temperaments, one body, and a memory conscious of nothing but the temperament in possession. Her immediate family and her physician conspire to conceal her infirmity, pretending that the refined, gentle Nest has a sister, and that as the two do not agree they are always kept apart, and the behavior of the supposed sister is quite sufficient to disperse Nest's lovers and friends, to whom a swearing,

horsey young person, addicted to making love to every man whom she sees is not agreeable. It is necessary at last to tell the truth to a clergyman whose love for Nest makes him willing to break his voluntary vow of celibacy, but his Christian confidence in the resources of the church to meet what he regards as a case of demoniacal possession yields to the discovery that in her lower condition the girl has married and is a mother. After this it seems unlikely that any sentimentalist will try to make a heroine with a double self the centre of a pretty tale. Mr. Mallock makes no comment, and the minor personages, a group of assorted modern types, do not understand the condition of affairs, and do not discuss it. The reader will, however, hardly be at a loss for comment of his own for the book provokes it. Harper & Brothers.

Cromwell, Fairfax, Ireton, Fleetwood, all the Puritan generals dear to the reader of old historical novels, with King Charles and Rupert to aid, appear in Mr. H. G. Bailey's romance, "Colonel Greatheart," but, for once, the honor lies entirely with the Puritans, and the best of the cavaliers ends by beating his sword into a ploughshare rather than continue to fight against them. Of the comparatively few novelists who have taken this view of the Puritan generals as a body nearly all have contented themselves with allotting a certain number of correct principles to both sides in the contest between King and Parliament, but Mr. Bailey is not of these. Charles in his pages is a cowardly, attitudinizing, prevaricating tyrant, and at heart an assassin, a creature for whom no soldier of even moderate fastidiousness could fight. The Colonel Greatheart, whose name is Jeremiah Stow, living for honor, governed entirely by honor, thwarts the

monarch's most vicious plan and then leaves him even as he has to leave his lady, Sir Godfrey Weston's daughter, for whose sake he has served for years on the continent and has transformed a rude bumpkin into an officer of some renown. His consolation for the loss of both his ideals is happiness with a wise and gentle Puritan and the respect of the honest men on both sides. There is something too much of the marionette in the behavior of all the personages, even to the foreign servants who furnish the humor for the tale, but a performance of marionettes may be very amusing to the spectators and there is many a laugh and many a surprise between the rise and fall of the mimic curtain on Colonel Greatheart. Bobbs Merrill Co.

The American clergyman of to-day must feel a wider sympathy with the Apostles than he who ministered to previous generations, and had only to think of their spiritual wants, for now any one of his hearers may come to him any day to demand help for a generally ailing body, or for trouble of almost any sort, and very nobly have the ministers responded to the new call. In Chicago the demand for assistance of this species has been very great, and Bishop Fallows, like a well known Boston pastor, has written a book for the instruction of those who seek the help of the Church in their physical and temporal troubles. It is entitled "Health and Happiness," or, "Religious Therapeutics and Right Living," and the first edition, although large, was so swiftly bought in Chicago, that it is the second which first comes to the East. Like all other Church "movements" in this field, that guided by Bishop Fallows insists upon the value of the physician's work, and accepts medicine and all its cognate sciences, but it asserts that all that is valuable in the New Thought and



Christian Science is contained within the Christian religion, and it aims only to make active application of fundamental principles and to eliminate the errors gathered about them. The book describes a great number of cases, it explains many of the new discoveries through which physicians and psychologists have armed mind and soul against evil and weakness and shows their identity with Christian principles, and lastly it furnishes the reader with a goodly number of brief sayings adapted to different temperaments, and a variety of brief humble prayers. With it self-cure becomes possible without the embarrassment of confession. To have written such a book is to have rendered a great service to humanity. A. C. McClurg Co.

The last ten years have been more fertile in original books than the previous twenty, books which neither scorn nor abandon old truths, but endeavor to show their superiority either in content or in usefulness to the common conception of them. Professor Josiah Royce has written more than one of these books, and he calls his newest volume, "Race Questions, Provincialism, and other American Problems," defines it as an effort to apply to certain American problems the principles summed up in his "The Philosophy of Loyalty," and expresses the hope that the various opinions expressed in it may be judged in the light of that philosophy. Of the five essays in the book, the first will scarcely be acceptable to many readers, because it makes very short work of all talk about superiority of race, and shows the omnipresence of prejudice in deciding the point. The second, "Provincialism," explains the good work which provincialism may do; the third, "The Limitations of the Public," dilates upon the ineffectiveness of large bodies of the idealistically disposed

public; the fourth studies the relations of climate and civilization, and the fifth shows the services which physical training may render to loyalty and the value of athletic sports and exercises in moral training. All these topics of high importance are treated originally and it is safe to say that very few readers will at first sight agree with the author. It is also safe to say that the more they consider what he says the more of his sayings they will accept, and will soon find themselves wishing that they could accept the whole. That they do not, or cannot, or perhaps never will fully accept them, arises from the author's gift of making his readers think, with the inevitable result that their thought is not on exactly the same line as his. The Macmillan Co.

It is humiliating but true that Americans and even Britons have derived their deepest and most comprehensive impressions of India from the verse and fiction of Mr. Kipling, in spite of the enormous volume of missionary reports and the multitude of travellers' books, but it is also true that from this condition of things it follows that a book like Mr. John P. Jones's "India: its Life and Thought" finds scores of readers to-day, where only one would have awaited it before the era of "Plain Tales from the Hills." The author has lived thirty years in India, in continuous touch with the people, studying their life and thought with eagerness, and he modestly asserts an humble claim to speak upon the subject. He has somewhat to say of each of the nine great religions found in the India of to-day, and he writes at considerable length on Burma before coming to his chapters on the "Hindu Caste System," an elaborate statement of the subject. Chapters on the Bhagavad Gita, Popular Hinduism, Home Life of Hindus, Islam in India, Christ

and the Buddha, and the Modern Religious Movement follow, and last of all a hopeful chapter on "The Progress of Christianity in India." Christ only, he says, in the eyes of modern educated India, stands the perfect test of character, and he declares that there is not a town in India in which there are, not men of power and influence, studying the life of Jesus, and reading such books as the *Imitation*, which a Brahman is even now translating for publication by a Hindu firm. The doctrine of the Incarnation, the acceptance of the cross of Christ as the highest expression of God's love for man and the acceptance of the Christian conception of sin are also in his opinion gaining ground. As to that unrest of which certain good folk speak with such apparent longing for another mutiny, he declares that the British were never more firmly entrenched and possessed of more power in India than at the present time. The Macmillan Co.

The fascinations of ancient legend and of modern adventure, and the solid value of geographical and scientific discovery blend curiously in the volume entitled "*Ruwenzori*" in which the story of the Duke of the Abruzzi's famous expedition to the equatorial snow ranges of central Africa is fully and graphically told. These snow ranges have been identified with Ptolemy's "*Mountains of the Moon*"; they are the ice-clad peaks which old tradition has obstinately asserted to lie at the sources of the Nile; yet it is only twenty years ago that Stanley obtained the first far glimpse of them which half disclosed their character, and two years since the Duke of the Abruzzi, lover of adventure and courageous climber of difficult peaks, led the expedition which first climbed the summits until at the highest point in the range the little flag was planted which

Margharita of Savoy had given the Duke, and the peak was named for her. This peak is 16,815 feet above the level of the sea, and it towers finely in one of the panoramic views with which this narrative is illustrated, white with eternal snow. The expedition did its work thoroughly. It traversed the whole range and climbed every peak. It discovered the complete topography of the mountains, and made observations in meteorology, astronomy and magnetism. In the body of this volume is given a direct, graphic and unembellished narrative of the expedition; and in the appendices are recorded in detail the scientific results, registers of the astronomical, geodetic, meteorological and altimetric observations, and a summary of the geological, zoological and botanical survey; together with an article by Dr. Luigi Hugues on the identification of Ptolemy's "*Mountains of the Moon*" with the Ruwenzori range. Lacking the time to write out himself an account of the expedition and its results, the Duke of the Abruzzi entrusted that work to his friend Cavaliere de Filippi, committing to him for that purpose his own notes and records and the diaries of his companions. The author has done his work well and his wife—formerly Miss Fitzgerald of New York—has translated the narrative into English. The volume is magnificently illustrated with views and panoramas of the mountain scenery, from photographs taken by Cavaliere Vittoria Sella, who was one of the Duke's companions. There are 25 full-page plates, 5 panoramas and 3 maps, besides a large number of views printed with the text. Altogether this is one of the most important of recent contributions to the literature of discovery and exploration and the form in which it is presented is worthy of it. E. P. Dutton & Co.





## "Queen of Sea Routes"

**MERCHANTS & MINERS TRANS. CO.**

### STEAMSHIP LINES

From  
BOSTON & PROVIDENCE  
To  
PHILADELPHIA, NORFOLK,  
BALTIMORE, SAVANNAH

Best route to Atlantic City, Old Point, Richmond, Washington, Pinchurst, Southern Pines and resorts in Florida and the South.

Call on nearest Ticket Agent, or for particulars, address

JAS. BARRY, Agent, Providence, R. I.

C. H. MAYNARD, Agent, Boston, Mass.

### "Finest Coastwise Trips in the World"

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Living Age subscribers are requested to remember that the number bearing date any given Saturday is mailed on the Tuesday preceding. To avoid disappointment and to allow time for correcting the mailing list, any changes of address should reach the publishers at least nine days prior to the date of the number which is to be sent to the new address. Subscribers are requested to send a new notice every time that a change of address is desired.

THE LIVING AGE CO., 6 Beacon St., Boston

The Greatest Fountain Pen Plan, Plant and Policy  
IN THE WORLD ARE BACK OF

## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Find this fountain pen and you will find the one that is popular for what it represents for what it is sold to do.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR STYLES



No. 15 Faint \$2.50	No. 15 G. M. Gold Mounted \$3.50	No. 15 G. M. M. Gold Mounted \$3.50	No. 419 C C Sterling Silver \$5.00	No. 6025 Chased Half Gold Mounted \$7.50
---------------------------	--	---	--	--

Clip-on adds to cost 25 cents for German Elbow.

From all leading dealers.

No Waterman's Ideal Pen and Policy incurs absolute satisfaction, or money refunded.

*Waterman Co. 173 Broadway N.Y.*

11 School St., Boston. 402 State St., Chicago. 145 Market St., San Francisco.  
130 St. James St., Montreal. 32 Golden Lane, London.

We Weave RUGS From  
Your Worn and discarded  
Carpets - Circular -  
— No Agents —  
**BELGRADE RUG CO**  
32 Hollis St Boston

## PORTRAITS OF NOTED PERSONS

ILLUSTRATED LIST  
SENT ON REQUEST

**FOSTER BROS.**

4 PARK SQUARE - - BOSTON

**KAKAS·BROS. INC.**  
MANUFACTURERS RETAILERS  
**FURRIERS**

**RELIABLE FURS**  
**RELIABLE INFORMATION**  
**RELIABLE PRICES**

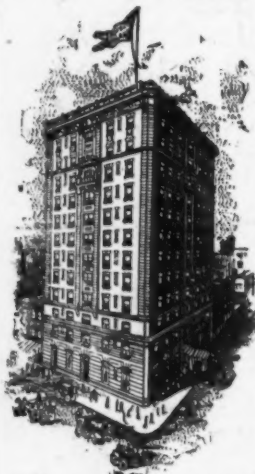
**NO MISREPRESENTATION**  
**AS TO VALUES**

**179·TREMONT·ST·BOSTON·TEL·OXFORD 48**

## Hotel Cumberland NEW YORK

**S. W. Cor. Broadway at 54th Street**

Near 50th St. Subway and 53d St. Elevated and accessible to all surface lines



Ideal Location.  
Near Theatres,  
Shops, and Central  
Park

### New and Fireproof

**Strictly First Class**  
**Rates Reasonable**

Hardwood Floors  
and  
Oriental Rugs.

Transient Rates,  
**\$2.50**  
With Bath, and up.

Restaurant Unex-  
celled.  
Prices Reasonable.

10 Minutes' Walk  
to 20 Theatres.

SEND FOR BOOKLET.

**Harry P. Stimson**

Formerly with Hotel Imperial

**R. J. Bingham**

Formerly with Hotel Woodward

## FOR SALE:.

### A Complete Set of Littell's Living Age

**FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT  
TO JAN. 1st 1909**

Two Hundred and Sixty volumes in all: bound in half black morocco, with cloth sides and broad gold bands. The first 258 volumes are now ready; the remaining two volumes will be bound after the year ends. This is an exceptionally fine set in perfect condition. An Index to the first 100 volumes will be included.

Also THE NEW YORK DAILY GRAPHIC, an Illustrated Newspaper. Vol. 1 to 50 (all published), and extra volume of duplicate titles and indexes. 51 vols. folio in publisher's half green leather, cloth sides, gilt backs. N. Y., 1873-1889.....\$150.00.

The only illustrated daily published in this country up to the time. Covers the "Tweed Ring," Beecher Trial, and other important political and historical New York matters. The last volume (50) is slightly imperfect.

The above sets are in exceptionally fine condition and each uniformly custom bound in best leather. They are from a private library. An excellent opportunity to secure complete files of these prominent periodicals.

For further particulars write to

G. A. V. A.

Care of **The Living Age Company,**  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.



